

BRITANNIA and EVE

SEPTEMBER
1947



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16

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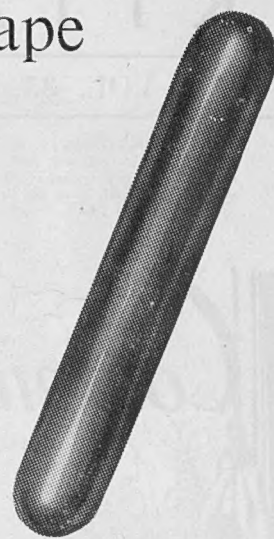
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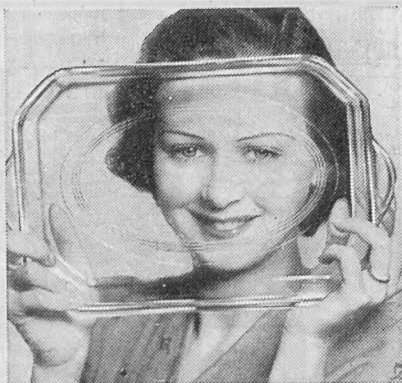
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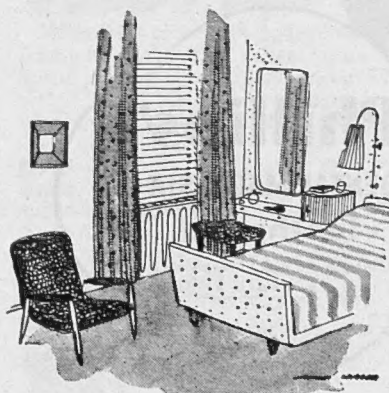
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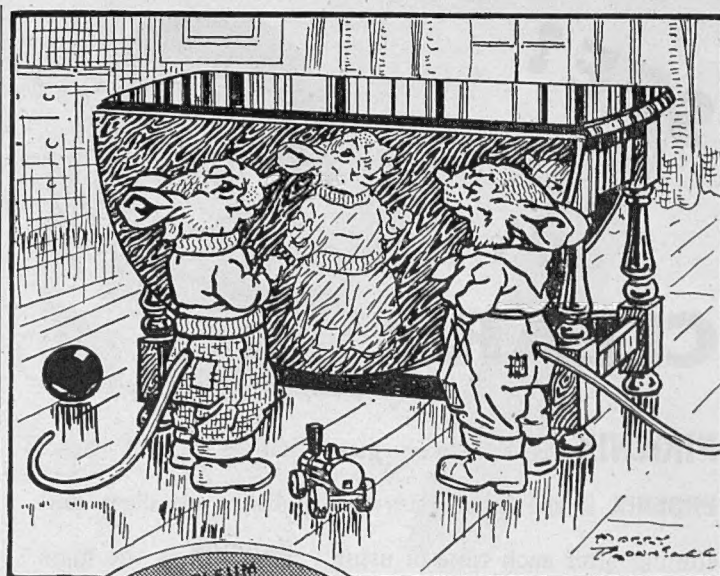
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Britannia & Eve for September, 1947

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HERE'S HOW TO DO IT



1. Cut off head and remove guts, retaining the roes.
2. Remove the scales then cut along the belly with a sharp knife or scissors.



3. Turn over and, starting at the head end, prise up the backbone with thumb and forefinger and pull steadily away from the flesh. The little bones will come away too, if you are careful. Rinse the fish well and place on a board; stand the board on a slant to drain the fish.

BAKED HERRINGS

These make a substantial dinner or supper dish. They are very good eaten cold with salad. Bone the herrings, as shown. Season the insides with a little salt and pepper, add a sprinkling of chopped onion, and roll up each

herring. Pack closely into a greased pie dish, cover with a greaseproof paper and bake in a moderate oven for about 10 minutes. Remove the paper and allow the fish to brown for a further 5 minutes.

HERRING FACTS

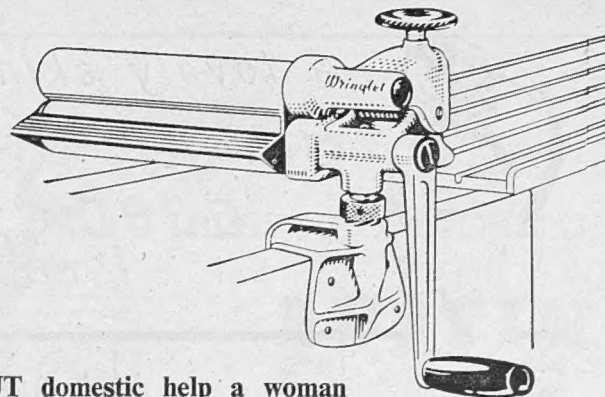
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Herrings also give you vitamin D and calcium, both of which are needed to build strong bones and good teeth. So you see herrings are one of the most nourishing foods—and one of the cheapest.

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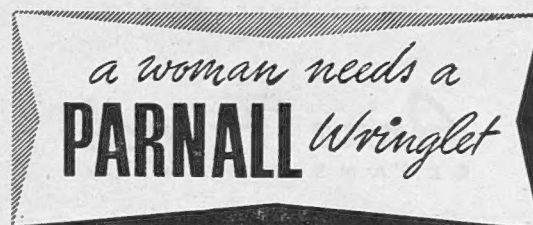
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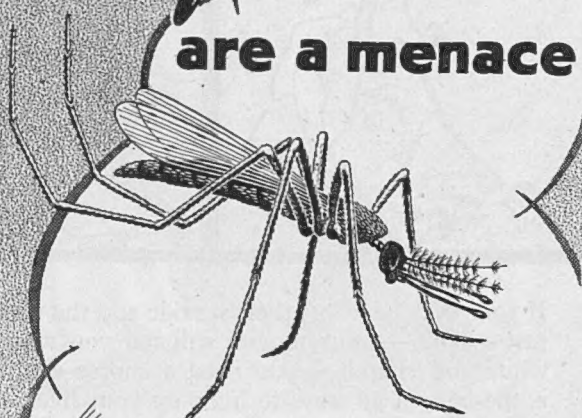
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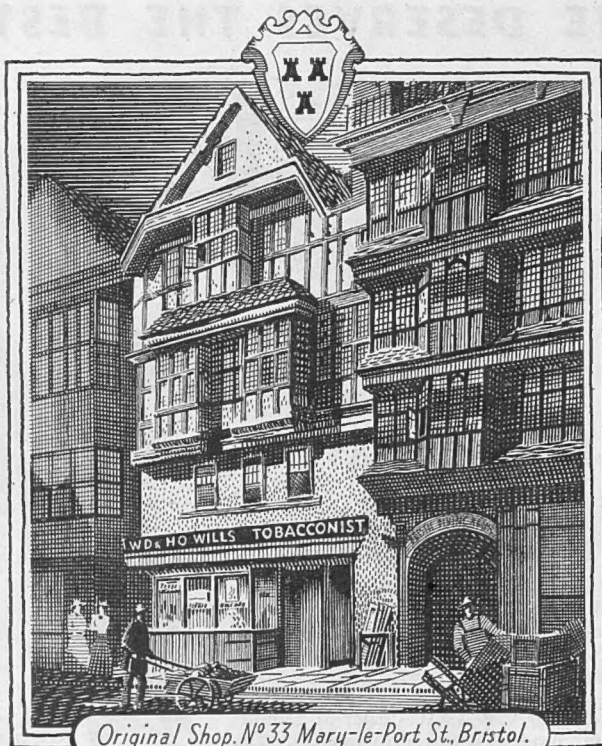
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Britannia & Eve for September, 1947

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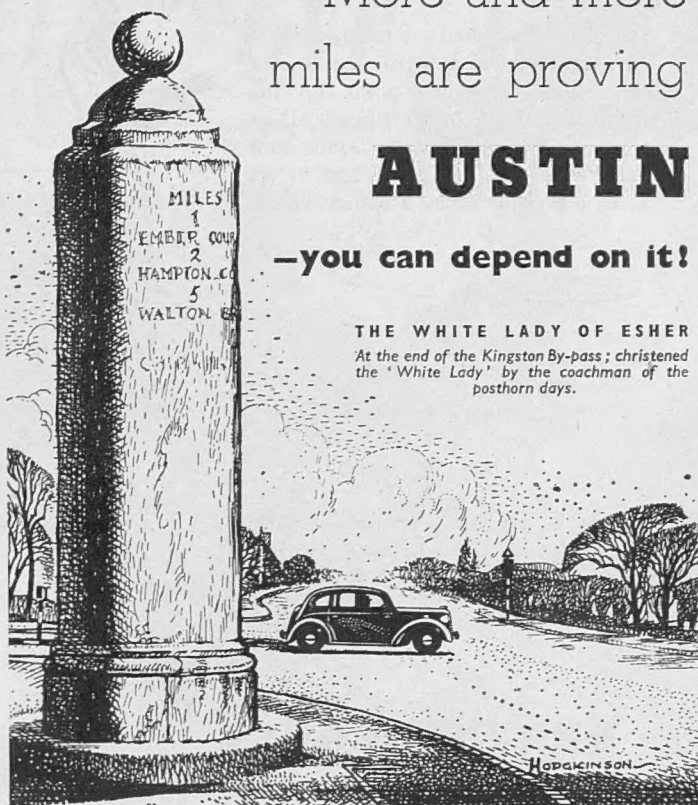
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BEA



Britannia and Eve

Elizabethans Fruit-picking in September.



The drifting object got caught in the branches of the walnut-tree, then slid very gently to the ground

IT really all began with a letter old Hugo had received two days earlier in that month of May. The letter was from his wine merchant and was couched in respectful and soothing language. It began by saying that among the many distressing shortages afflicting the world that of barley and of dollars was probably the most serious. It then made a brief reference to the severe winter and the fuel shortage. Turning after that to the distasteful task in hand, it said that, as he would no doubt have already read, the distillers had been granted an extra allocation of barley on condition that 75 per cent. of their produce was now reserved for export. This meant a severe cut in the allowance to wine merchants for the home market, and it was, therefore, regretted that, while these conditions lasted, it would only be possible to supply him with one bottle of whisky a month instead of the three to which he had lately been accustomed.

The letter ended by assuring his lordship of their best attention at all times; but by then his lordship was already stamping about the room, consigning the Government and the wine merchant and the world in general to the devil. Even with three bottles a month he had had to eke out every drop of the precious fluid. With one it just was not possible. He would starve. He was in such a state that he finally got out his Bible and read the Book of Job from beginning

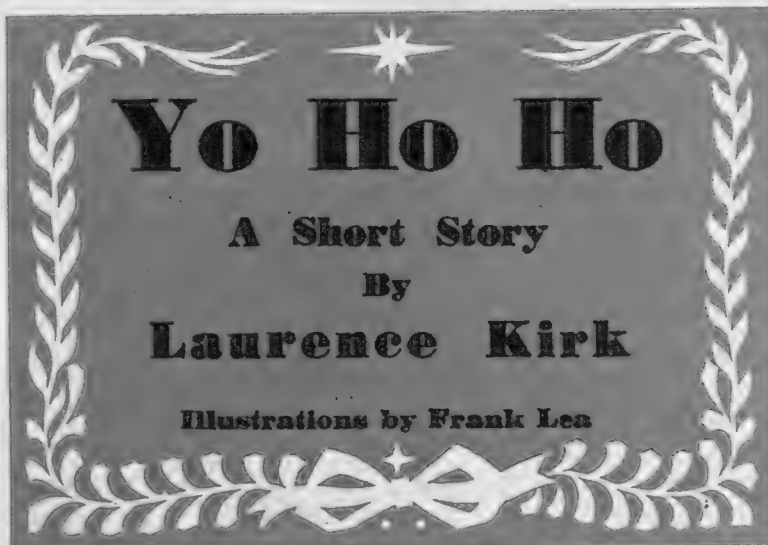
to end. His conclusion after that was that Job, for all his potsherds, did not know what trouble was.

Hugo—or the noble viscount, as they called him in the House of Lords—was sixty-seven years of age. He was the fourteenth viscount of his line and had

It was monstrous. And this blow over the whisky was not the only thing that had happened to him in the last year. Only six months earlier the ancestral seat had been taken over by a Government Department. They had not yet moved in in force, but strange figures in bowler hats were to be seen moving about the park and terraces. That, however, had been a blow more to his prestige than to his comfort. He was much better off in the under-gardener's cottage, where he now lived by himself, with young Jessie from the village to come in during the day. He had been a good landlord, and he felt grateful to himself as he enjoyed the snug comfort of the under-gardener's cottage, instead of shivering in the draughty ancestral home.

But the whisky was a different matter. There were no compensations in that. And he felt that the future was now bleak indeed. Meanwhile, even the one bottle

that he had been promised had not arrived, and there was not a drop in the house. He went to the local after his evening meal that night and had a pint with Sam Brooks, the head gardener, who had been kept on by the authorities and was twice as bitter as Hugo about "these townspeople," as he called them. On the way back he walked up the hill with Harry Bent, the fat policeman, who was wheeling his bicycle. Harry did not like the townspeople, either, and was a pessimist about things in general.



had a varied career of some distinction. He had commanded a cavalry regiment, outlived two wives, had two sons and three daughters, who, in turn, had produced more grandchildren than he could remember. He had been a director of two companies and the chairman of one, had had a colonial governorship, was patron of the Tatterten flower show, and sat on the local bench as well as—very infrequently—in the House of Lords. And now, after all that, he was asked to subsist on one bottle of whisky a month!

Even crime had deteriorated in quality. There was no good honest crime like poaching any longer. It was all mechanised stuff. Black market and smuggling. He didn't know what the world was coming to.

Hugo said good-night to him and turned in at the garden gate by the walnut-tree. It was at this hour that he normally had his nightcap and he missed it. The thin ale at the local had produced some slight glow, but that had already worn off. He went gloomily to his bed. He could not sleep and it began to rain.

Instead of counting sheep getting over a stile, Hugo tried to win sleep by counting the bottles there had been in his father's cellar. There had been great banks of champagne and port and other wines. And the whisky had been in vats. Pre-Great War whisky in vats! At six bob a bottle! Real stuff! Not thirty under proof! And he was allowed a bottle a month! Sleep deserted him finally as he thought of this. It had really not been a very good way of trying to win sleep; and he lay awake miserably listening to the rain and wondering whether that one bottle would arrive the next day and stave off this insomnia for a little longer.

It was perhaps ten minutes later that he heard a sound which made him cock his ear. It might have been a sudden gust of wind, but it seemed to him more like an aeroplane in trouble with its engines cut off. And now that he thought of it, he had heard the same sound only a week before and wondered what it was; and also there had been rumours of a mysterious aeroplane that came at night.

When he heard the sound a second time he put on his dressing-gown and bedroom slippers and went and looked out of the window. It was almost dark, but not quite. It was raining steadily, but there wasn't a breath of wind. He looked up at the leaden sky, wondering; and then suddenly a light, drifting patch seemed to appear just at the point where he was looking. The light patch came on down quite swiftly, and straight towards him. He thought it must be an airman who had baled out. But if so, he didn't have any legs: which was odd.

Meanwhile the drifting object was coming very low. It came in over the garden hedge, got caught for a moment in the branches of the walnut-tree, dangled there for a second, swinging, and then slid very gently to the ground. Hugo's eyes were popping out of his head. Well, I'm damned, he thought! He remembered now what the policeman had said about modern crime. Black market and smuggling! And mechanised! Had somebody parachuted a bale of contraband into his garden? Nylons, perhaps? Or rabbit skins full of watches? It would enliven the next petty sessions if somebody had!

Hugo could not wait to find out, in spite of the heavy rain. He put on his gum-boots and a deer-stalker hat, his warmest pullover and his burberry. He took a torch and some pliers and the sharpest knife he could find, and went out into the rain. It certainly was a bale of something, and it was still partly supported by the parachute, which was caught up in the tree. He first eased the bale to the ground, then with the pliers he cut three of the metal strips that held it together. Using the torch now, he could see that inside was a thick wrapping of some stuff like a rubber sponge. He pulled some of this away, and came across an arrangement of spring shock-absorbers. He was able to nip two of these with the pliers and then groped inside with his bare hand. He came

across something that was smooth and cold, and withdrew his hand quickly. Guns, perhaps, he thought! Revolvers! Then with the rain dripping off his deer-stalker hat, he groped inside again and pulled. And in his hand out came a bottle of whisky.

Hugo looked at the label with his torch.

"Well, I'm——," he began, then he changed his mind. "Well, of course, that's different!"



He thought he got his hands behind his back in time, but he was not quite sure, and Jessie certainly looked at him very curiously as he went up the staircase crabwise, with his back to the wall

It was at this moment that he sneezed. Catching my death of cold out here in the rain, he thought! Get pneumonia if I'm not careful. Ought to take care of myself at my age! So, covering over the package with the remains of the parachute, he went indoors with all his instruments and the bottle of whisky. He was looking longingly at it, but had not actually thought of a corkscrew until he sneezed again. He wasted

no time, however, once the cork was out and poured himself out a stiff one. He smacked his lips as he tasted it.

"Don't know what the world's coming to," he muttered, repeating the words of the policeman. "But it's quite good stuff!"

In spite of this unexpected nightcap, Hugo did not get to sleep that night. There were too many problems to exercise his mind.

First of all, there was the doubt whether his action in purloining the bottle of whisky would be considered the correct behaviour for a member of the House of Lords and a Justice of the Peace. Next was the question—How many more bottles were there in the package and what was he going to do with them? And, finally—had anyone besides himself seen that drifting object come out of the clouds?

After devoting considerable thought to these three matters, Hugo came to the conclusion that the whole thing must have been a dream, and was not convinced to the contrary until he had got out of bed and poured himself out another tot of whisky. That satisfied him that both the whisky and the situation were real, and seemed to quicken his mental processes as well. What an incredible world it was when somebody found it worth while to bring back to the British Isles in that hazardous manner something that had been made in the British Isles in the first instance! For a long time the thing just did not make sense. But later, when he started to probe into it, he began to see some light. Whisky when it began its journey out of bond for export cost a mere five shillings a bottle. The duty abroad was about the same as it was in this country—always supposing that that duty had been paid. That brought the price to about twenty-five shillings at the most. He did not know the cost of running a light aeroplane; but even putting the freight as high as fifteen shillings a bottle, that only brought the price to two pounds against a current black market quotation of five pounds. . . . of course, it was worth somebody's while!

Hugo must have dozed a little at this point of his reasoning, for he then imagined that he was making a speech in the House of Lords. How could they expect people to remain law-abiding when none of the people could abide the laws? The situation facing the country was exactly the same as it was in the eighteenth century, when the duty was excessive and smuggling a most honourable profession. His great - great - grandfather, the tenth viscount, had never thought of dealing with a wine merchant: he dealt exclusively with smugglers who were the benefactors of the human race. . . . The peers then cheered him to the echo as he ended. "There were only two alternatives, therefore, before them.



Either they must legalise smuggling or bring down the price of liquor."

A little later Hugo was wide awake again; and descending from these lofty heights, he proceeded soberly to face some more immediate problems. He estimated from the size of the package that there must be a dozen bottles in it. If that were the case, it represented a whole year's supply from his wine merchant. Supposing again that he purloined the whole lot, which he now fully intended to do, he must be prepared to face danger from three different quarters. His own conscience: the police: and the man or men for whom the package had been intended. He did not expect to have much trouble from his conscience; but there might be quite a lot from the other quarters. All the same, a year's supply was a year's supply, and Hugo was already up and dressed when the first gleam of dawn appeared through the curtains.

It had stopped raining by then, and nobody was yet about. The most damning piece of evidence seemed to be the parachute, and he began by burning that in the hot-water boiler. He tried burning the rubber wrapping as well, but it made such a frightful smell that he had to desist and dug a hole for it near the compost pit instead. All this took some time, and he had not yet decided where to keep the bottles which he had hidden temporarily amongst the rhubarb. It was while he was filling in the hole he had dug that he heard heavy steps on the road outside. He stopped digging and peered furtively through the hedge. It was Harry Bent, wheeling his bicycle as usual. He stopped as Hugo watched him and leaned against the bicycle, scanning the countryside through a pair of field-glasses. He
(Continued on p. 51)



Hugo turned round. He had known at once, although he had not seen him for six months, that it was Will Snaid, Jessie's old reprobate of an uncle

The Customs' service cruiser, *Vigilant*, which will make extended cruises and patrol the waters in places far removed from the usual boarding and launch stations



The Duty Dodgers

By Harry J. Greenwall

THE hum of an aeroplane engine is heard above the Essex flats; nothing much unusual about that you may think, but that plane hums three times a week. Its flight has been timed; it passes this way on a regular "beat." At this moment it is just a "ghost plane," a suspect going whence no man knows, and, at this writing there is no organization that can deal with "ghost planes," coming from France or Belgium or Holland and making for a secret touch-down somewhere in England. No, there is no suggestion of a beautiful woman spy, speaking English with a Ruritanian accent, sitting up there aloft and plotting the downfall of England; nothing so romantic as that. The explanation is more prosaic; the smugglers are here again; up in the air, on the sea, in trains. The best of our Custom brains are now pitted against the cleverest, most daring, the best organized smuggling rings ever known. It's no longer a cask of brandy, a few boxes of cigars or a roll of Brussels lace. The ghosts of the old-timers who used to traffic in such articles must be silently gnashing their teeth if they are watching the swiftly moving motor boats, almost silent, which dodge in and out of the coves of south-west England. A few hundred Swiss watches hidden in the false bottom of a suit case; a few thousand Dutch bulbs; pairs, many pairs of nylon stockings wound round a slim waist. Uncut diamonds in tins of powdered sugar. Fur coats, flaunted brazenly, with the wearers' angry insistence that most certainly the coat had been long in the possessor's possession, bought in London, or Liverpool or Leeds. Actually, the furs were smuggled out of Central Europe, made up on the east side of Paris, and carried over the arm if the day is hot, or on the smuggler's body if the weather is appropriate. What are the Customs officials going to do about all this smuggling? In point of fact they are doing a great deal.

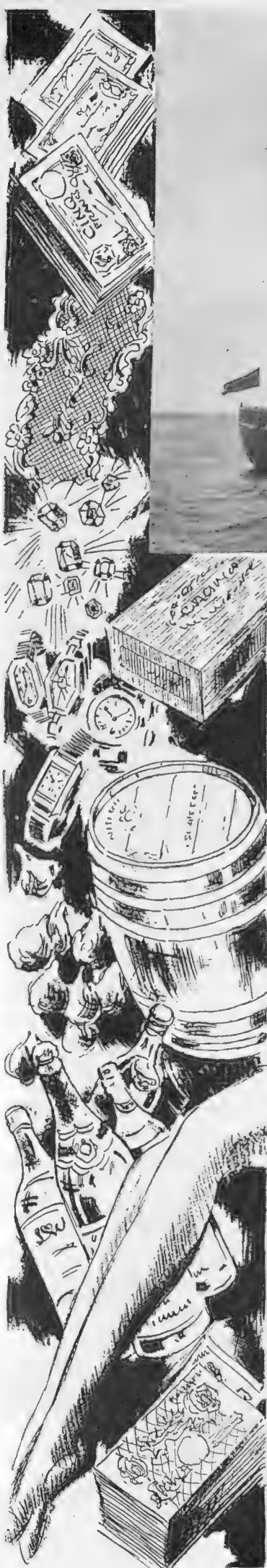
Since the end of the war the Waterguard Service of the Customs and Excise

Department has started an entirely new system of training their preventive officers. At some considerable cost, a "slow motion" film was made. This film was made with the assistance of very expert psychologists; men and women trained in the knowledge of fear. The film shows how people should be watched when they are waiting their turn to step up to the Customs counter and submit their luggage to examination. The film exposes certain characteristics and mannerisms of professional and amateur smugglers, and incidentally the amateurs, the very enthusiastic ones, are giving as much trouble as the professionals.

Naturally, as important as the training in psychology may be, it does not do anything more than give the preventive officer a means of studying faces. Other and, if I may say so, more practical measures have been taken.

The Customs service now has its own cruiser, aptly called *Vigilant*, which will make extended cruises and patrol the waters in places far removed from the usual boarding and launch stations. I am not revealing any official secret when I say that part of the main duty of *Vigilant* will be to make surprise swoops in yachting centres, and to certain fishing fleets and in both cases suspicious craft will be searched by skilled rummage officers, as they are known.

A typical case of marine smuggling—a case for *Vigilant*—may be cited. Agents of a smuggling ring operate on the Continent, buying up bottles of liquors, champagne and prewar French wines. First of all English pound notes are smuggled out of England and sold on the Continent at black market rates. With the money obtained, the alcohol is purchased, at a rate of not much more than fifteen shillings a bottle. Various ways and means are found of smuggling the liquor out of France and Belgium. Sometimes the use is made of organized gangs of British and American deserters and former members of the French and Belgian *Résistance* (Continued on page 54)



Return to

Industry and Farming are Booming
in Ulster, but the Orangemen still
Parade on the "Twelfth"

By C. Patrick Thompson

THE dark green waters of Belfast Loch lapped the orange-painted flanks of cargo boats refitting in the great shipyards. Behind the outer rows of those old freighters having ocean-battered faces lifted, the passengers crowding the rail of the incoming Liverpool-Belfast night boat saw a jungle of timbers soaring upwards, and behind them the curved bare ribs of new ships shaping.

"Last time I crossed—it was before the war, of course—the gulls were roosting in those yards. Not a ship building, not a man working. Now look at 'em. Bustin' out with work."

"They say Harland and Wolff can't take another order for seven years."

"I bet Dev would like to get his hands on those yards. On this country, too. It's very rich."

"Well, now, maybe he will, yet. Did you see it in the paper yesterday? Some Dail member was asking him for a conference with the British Government—for union. Dev said, no, not till he was sure of success. The old devil! I bet he was flying a kite. I bet he thinks he might make a deal now if the British Government would save his face by making the first move."

The Scots business men had come up from breakfast in the saloon to talk, leaning on the rail as the boat drew slowly to her moorings at the long quay. Most of the rest of the stretch of that short lower deck was monopolized by a gaggle of girls wearing short skirts, gaily coloured shoes, fresh hair-do's. They looked like a vaudeville dance team. Actually they were an organized factory holiday party crossing from England's grimy industrial North.

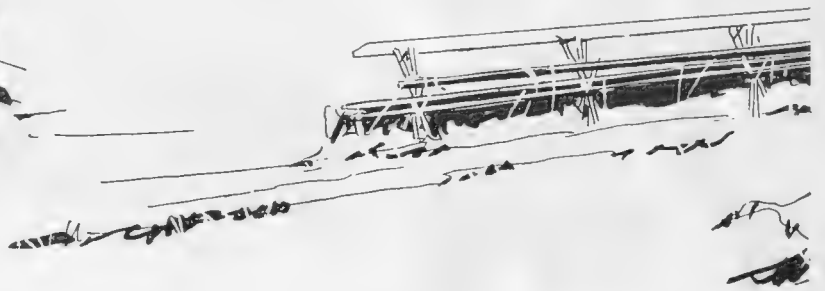
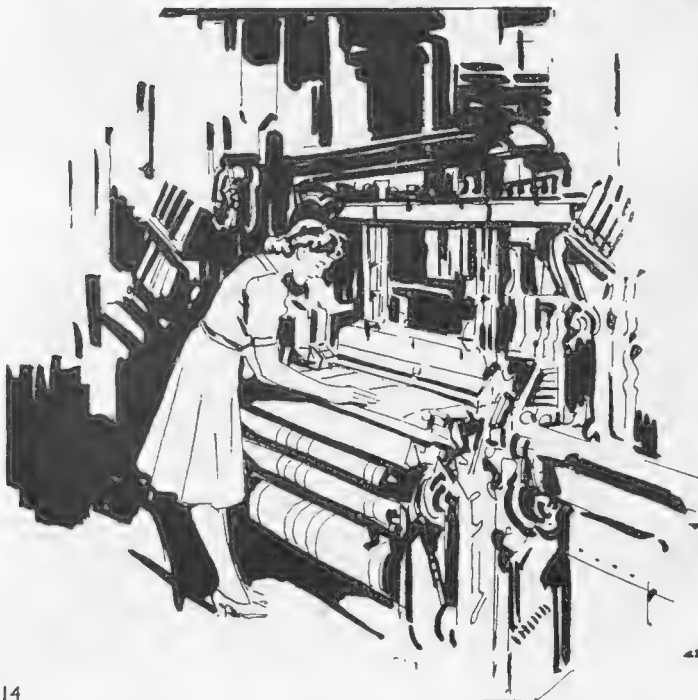
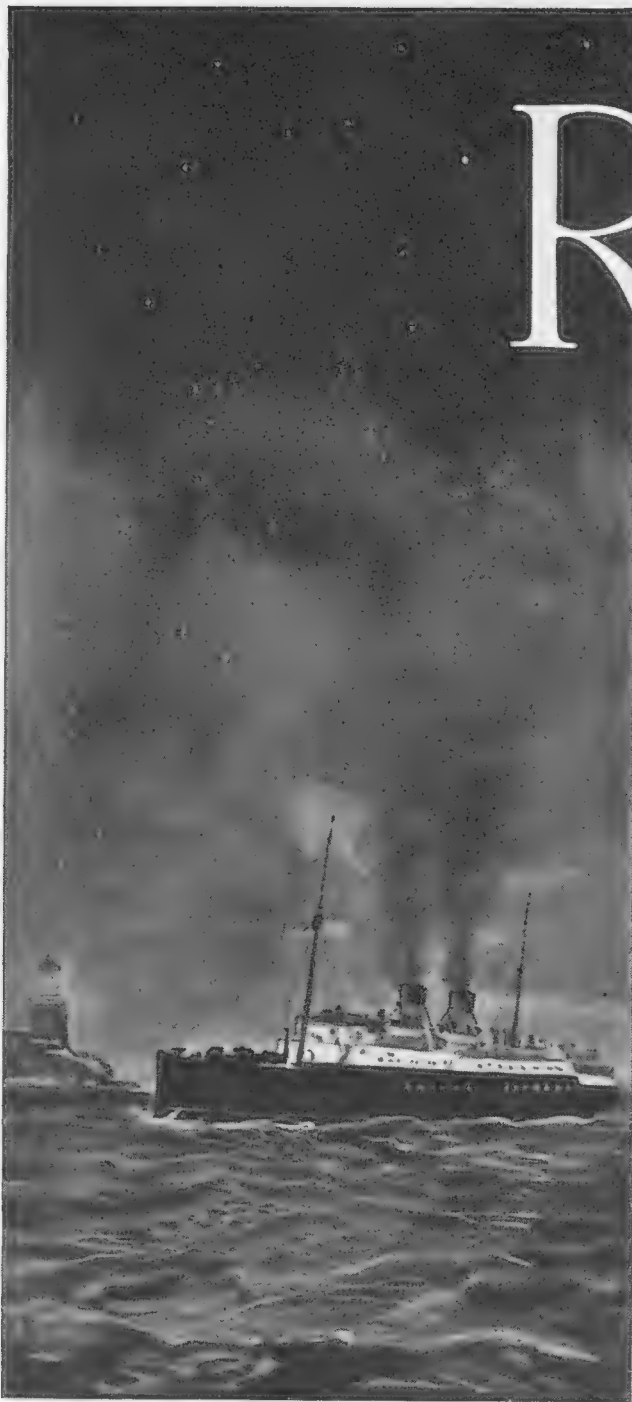
The boat was packed with tourists. In the upper deck saloon, over drinks, people swapped yarns about how long they'd waited for sailing tickets. A story was going the rounds of a political crisis at Stormont as hoteliers and boarding-house keepers squalled over cancellations due to British customers' inability to get those sailing tickets.

Another rumour had 26,000 people queued up on the Ulster side waiting for those tickets assuring at least standing room on an east-bound boat.

The Ulster tourist trade was booming, too—and that while British coast resorts were crying "Slump."

It had been two-and-a-half years since an 8th Air Force Dakota transport dropped me down at Langford Lodge Airport on the first leg of an exploratory trip I was making through Ulster to Eire and back. I had asked a lot of questions then relative to the future and the fortunes of Eire and Ulster when a new era rolled out on the other side of the second World War. What plans had they? What hopes or fears? What were the chances of a union deal?

In his small office off a reception room displaying prominently a facsimile of the American Declaration of Independence, a tall gangling man in a black suit rose from his chair at a corner desk snugged



Ulster



Belfast's City Hall in Donegall Square

away from the window—a back and head silhouetted against a square of glass make a good target for a distant sniper squinting through telescopic sights. This was the Irish-Chilean mathematician who ran Eire—twenty-six counties, 27,760 square miles, three million people—with the aid of a draper, a compositor, a schoolteacher, a patents agent, an electrical engineer, a couple of farmers, and a Newfoundland judge's son. I found him charming, guileless, frank, and childishly enthusiastic about a Gaelic tongue which gave him as much trouble as Russian gives a British diplomat who painfully masters it as a career language.

He talked for ninety minutes "off the record." Through the broad pattern of words ran a thread: "Let England get out of Ulster and we'll have small trouble making a deal with the North."

When I mentioned that to Sir Basil Brooke, the landed gentleman who runs Ulster—six counties, 5,237

square miles, 1½ million people—with the aid of a businessman, a linen mill-owner, a lawyer, a shipwright, a trades union organizer, and a Presbyterian clergyman who farms, all ex-soldiers, the Premier's pleasant expression slipped a trifle.

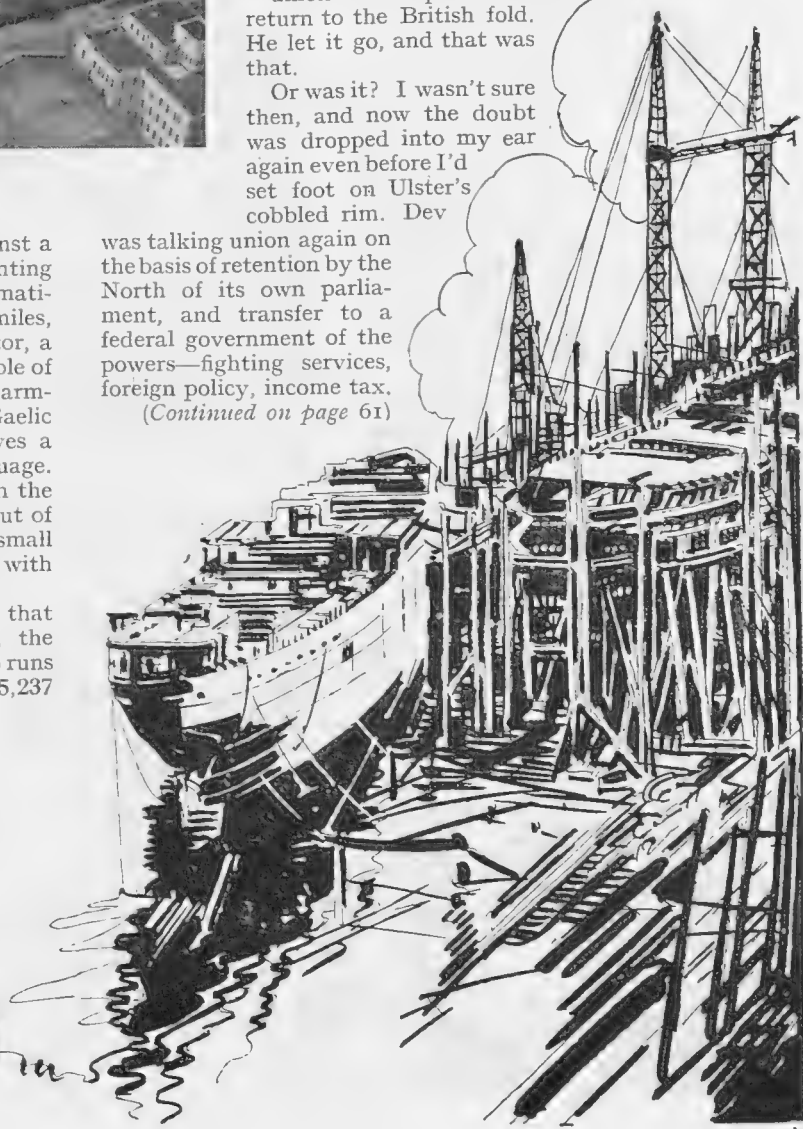
"De Valera missed the bus in '39."

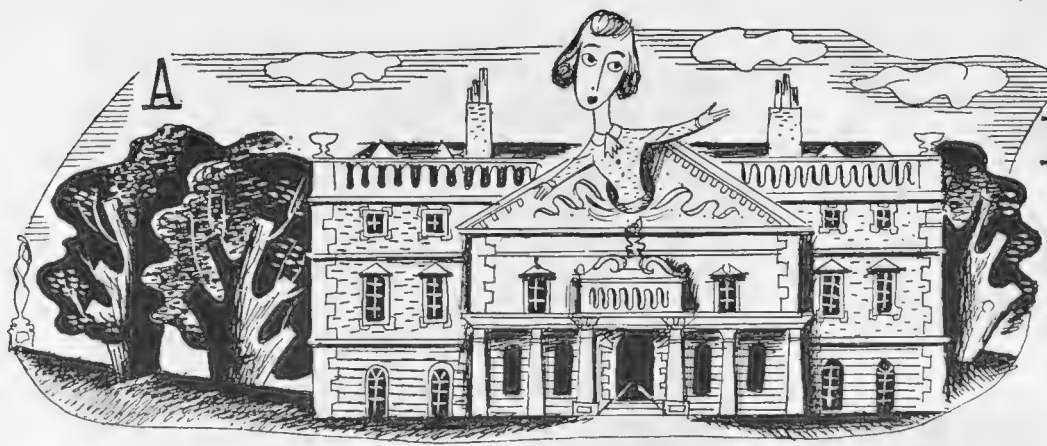
It was a grim and final dismissal of the Valerian thesis and aspiration. Sir Basil denied the common interests stressed by De Valera, insisted that North and South are two different nations. But they were worried in Ulster as war approached. England, short of destroyers, desperately needed those three strategic Eirean naval bases. It was Dev's chance to make a deal—union as the price of a return to the British fold. He let it go, and that was that.

Or was it? I wasn't sure then, and now the doubt was dropped into my ear again even before I'd set foot on Ulster's cobbled rim. Dev

was talking union again on the basis of retention by the North of its own parliament, and transfer to a federal government of the powers—fighting services, foreign policy, income tax.

(Continued on page 61)





How They Solved Their Housing Problems . . .

A Georgian Mansion or a Hen-house?

By Wilma Buckley

IT is easy enough to suggest solutions to other people's problems. The onlooker, seeing most of the game, proffers advice freely; to him or to her, the answer is crystal-clear.

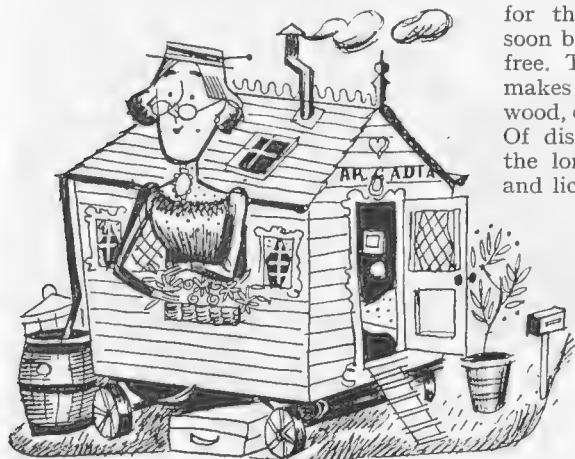
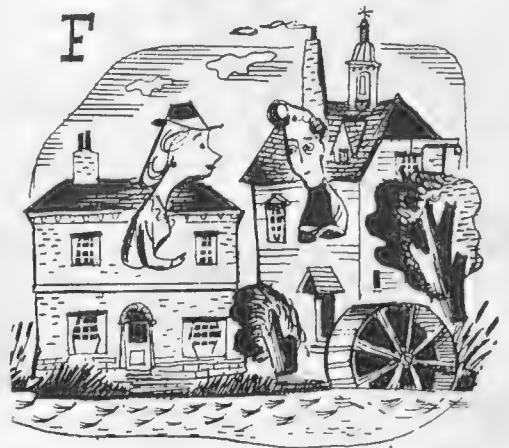
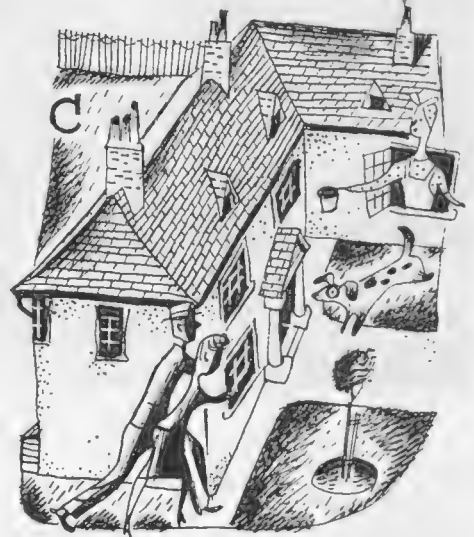
Here are illustrations of how various individuals have, more or less successfully, settled their home-making difficulties; the obverse side of the medal being fairly presented, too. . . .

A, who loves spaciousness, a gracious setting, and beautiful surroundings, bought a large Georgian mansion in a few acres of gardens and park-like grounds. The house, being too big altogether for the average person's requirements, was sold for the proverbial song; A, whose resources are limited, could not afford to buy the much smaller property of the same type that costs a great deal more. Requisitioned by the army during the war, the house was put into order and re-decorated for the owner when the soldiery finally retreated. A has closed and shuttered the vast reception rooms on the ground floor, and occupies only the upper storey, where she enjoys all the amenities of flat-dwelling (a kitchenette has been installed), with the added pleasure of looking down from nobly proportioned windows on to her own lawns and tree-shaded walks. Nobody passing through the charmingly furnished

staircase and entrance halls pauses to realize that behind all the closed mahogany doors on the ground floor lie empty rooms, nor does this seem to matter. Drawbacks? The rates on a large house are high, and although roof and buildings are in good condition, their upkeep will eventually add up to a tidy sum. And the unoccupied ground floor, the rooms of which need an occasional airing and warming, are inclined to create a chilly vacuum beneath the upper storey, during the winter months. Against these disadvantages must be set the fact that sales of produce from the walled fruit and vegetable and flower gardens go a long way towards atoning for maintenance expenses, since A does nearly all the work herself.

B, a man of business living in London, with a wife and two children, was (needless to say), unable to find a comfortably roomy flat that was also central and accessible, for anything like a reasonable rent. The freehold of one of those tall town houses, impossible to live in today, in a pleasant street just north of Portman Square, was obtainable for a fair price. B had this converted into two maisonnettes, each with its own stairway, lift, and front door (none of that haphazard "conversion," with the miseries of a communal entrance and stairs), and now lives in one of them. Since he has been able to ask, and get, a very high rental for the other, the capital outlay will soon be repaid, and B will be living rent-free. The obsolete basement of this house makes a convenient repository for coal, wood, central-heating furnaces, and stores. Of disadvantages, there are none, save the long preliminary wait for a permit and licence to alter the house, and delay on the part of the builders; during which time the family led the life of nomads.

C, who has lived for some time in an L-shaped country house with an unnecessary wing to it—that which forms the lower stroke of the L—sealed up the communicating doors and passages, made a formal entrance out of the garden door in this wing, (Continued on page 67)



IN a lowered voice he said, "This is an automatic . . ."

*Illustrations by
Albert Bailey*



The Impossible Mr. Stoke

*The Tale Of A Waspish, Impossible Author Who
Began A Story That He Was Prepared To Finish*

BELLE MARVEL drove down with the Huntleys. They were all going to Langridge for the week-end. Belle was unhappily trying to decide whether the tedium of the train journey might still have been preferable to Stephen Huntley's driving. This was as they stormed along the by-pass at sixty.

She was still trying to decide, when Beetle said, "Good heavens! I've remembered something dreadful." She regarded her husband in mute horror.

He didn't take his eyes off the road. "My tooth-paste or my hair-brushes? Anyway we can't go back now."

"Don't flatter yourself, it's much worse than that."

Stephen smiled at Belle. "My wife!" he said disgustedly.

Belle said, "What is it, Beetle?"

"Yes," invited her husband, "go on. I can stand it if it's the tooth-paste."

His wife took her hand from her mouth. "The Bear will be there," she said portentously.

Stephen groaned and slackened speed. "First stop a post office. We'll send a telegram and head back. Buskin will be furious, probably catch him in the lounge with a policewoman on each knee." Buskin was the Huntleys' butler.

Belle regarded him wide-eyed. "Who on earth is the Bear?"

By Jacques Gillies

Belle and Stephen both started speaking at once. The only intelligible words she could unravel were, "Rude, conceited, bumptious know-all," finally the storm died down.

"What's his proper name?" she said.

"Ambrose Stoke," Stephen spoke between his teeth. "I know where I'd like him to be stoking!"

"Just a moment," Belle's eyes were contemplative, "'Virtue my Mentor,'" she quoted after a moment.

Beetle said, "That's right! And 'Parliament for Sinners,' and a few others."

"But," said Belle puzzled, looking at them both in turn, "they're very good. Wasn't. . ."

Stephen interrupted her. "Oh, the beggar can write all right. But he's anti-social and a confounded bore. I'd go further if there wasn't a lady present."

Beetle lifted her eyebrows. "A lady?"

"Old music-hall joke," said Stephen, "that ain't no lady, that's my wife."

Beetle ignored him and lit a cigarette, passing the case to Belle. "Anyway," she said, blowing smoke against the window, "it's too late now, and we mustn't let it spoil our week-end."

England, the old drab, was looking her

best and they scooped up the vivid green Kentish miles to the coast. It was seven and still warm when they sighted the red roofs of Langridge perched on a high part of the cliffs. The quietness of the private drive with its dark, close tree shadows, was pleasant after the flashing speed of the main roads. Belle sighed with sheer pleasure when the trees broke and scattered into the clean perfection of lawns and terraces in front of the house. The gravel spurted as Stephen braked. As they got out and stretched, an elderly man-servant came unhurriedly down the steps.

He said, "Good evening," with a slight bow.

"Evenin', Jackson, old Jackson," said Stephen, grinning at him. "You see we made it. This is Miss Marvel."

Jackson inclined slightly again. "Good evening, miss." He started to take the bags from the back of the car.

"Many people?" Beetle's voice was casual.

"Just a few friends, Mrs. Huntley. Miss Peach and Mr. Stoke, and Mr. and Mrs. Fortune later to-night." Stephen and Beetle exchanged a look of resignation. Jackson unaware of this by-play went on: "There are drinks in the lounge and the master said, just to go in. He's having a swim."

Belle followed the others up the steps

and, head still turned to the beauty of the gardens, reluctantly inside. After they had washed and returned to the lounge, Stephen poured drinks.

Belle tasted the cocktail and subsided on to a pouf. She let her eyes wander restfully round the room. This was dark and pleasant and like all male abodes, inevitably over-furnished. She was still absorbed in this examination when they heard the roll of a masculine voice in the hall.

"We're off!" said Stephen bitterly. Belle deduced from this that the voice belonged to Ambrose Stoke.

He was saying, "Have no fear, Miss Peach. We will find them with their long snouts questing from glass to glass, in an endeavour to restore the nervous tissues which the driving of Stephen Huntley does so much to destroy." On the last word he appeared in the doorway and surveyed them without embarrassment. "As I predicted. What-ho Huntleys! D'you know Miss Peach?"

Miss Peach came into the room sniggering nervously. She introduced herself volubly to them all while Ambrose Stoke leant a shoulder to the wall and watched amusedly.

When the fearful platitudes had run out he stepped over to Belle and said, "Much Marvel? My name is Stoke."

Belle regarded him composedly. "How do you do?"

"Splendidly, thank you. I came by train," he added meaningly.

Stephen was busy mixing more drinks and Miss Peach was sitting with Beetle on the settee. She was a vitally overdone creature whose mounting summers were indeterminate thanks largely to the salons of Bond Street. One of those people, too, who progressed ecstatically through life, crushing the last drip of rapture from her immediate environs. Ambrose Stoke had undoubtedly enjoyed launching her at them and now relaxed in his chair, he was watching Beetle's efforts to cope with the situation. He was looking very sardonic.

"Well, Stephen," he said genially, when he had his drink. "Not junketing with your flannelled fools this weekend?"

This drew Stephen. "A little cricket," he said acidly, "might do you some good."

"Oh, I tried it," Ambrose went on airily, "but my housemaster was most discouraging. He said my yawn wasn't big enough. Important thing in cricket, yawning. Don't you think so, Miss Marvel?"

Belle was conscious of Stephen's choleric eye. "Not only in cricket." She smiled at him enigmatically and Stephen laughed out loud.

This was unfortunate as it reminded Miss Peach that she was being isolated. "Oh, you men and your sport!" She shuddered becomingly. "What do you play, Mr. Stoke?"

With fine dramatic sense Mr. Stoke let the question sink in. Besides it gave him time to think. "We creative people are essentially spectators rather than players of sport." He said it as if players were very common people indeed. "We observe and record for other ages the futilities and aimless pursuits of the present race!"

"Oh! How wonderful!" Miss Peach's eyes were shining.

Stephen grunted derisively. Belle found herself beginning to like Mr. Stoke in spite of herself.

The soft note of the hall chimes broke

in on them and their host appeared in the doorway.

"Hallo, everyone," he said boisterously. "Who's coming in to eat?" They adjourned chattering to the supper room.

DINNER was an enlivening affair. It was enlivening from the moment their host jockeyed Mr. Stoke firmly into the chair next to Miss Peach. He looked across at Belle who was opposite him, his eyebrows crooked in agonized appeal. Miss Peach, vibrant with adoration, broke into a well-rehearsed catechism on characters and plots.

"Do tell me," she fluted in a silver voice, "are the people in your books real people or do they come from a little world of your own?"

Everyone became suddenly interested in their food and Ambrose stifled a shudder. Finally he leant back in his chair and looked at Miss Peach in a contemplative way. "It all depends on the people," he said authoritatively. "Some people are not sufficiently complex to fill the part of a character in a book, and others are. You, Miss Peach, are very bookable—if you follow me."

Miss Peach didn't follow him but it was apparent from the suppressed laughter that everyone else at the table did.

She persisted. "Do you work a little every day or do you just work at mad irregular Bohemian hours?" She practically sang the last four words.

Belle tried hard to conceal her amusement. Over the rim of her wine-glass she caught the pathetic glance of Ambrose Stoke. There was the corner of a wince on his face. Their host saved the day suddenly with a eulogy on the beach.

the peculiar Mr. Stoke. Towards the end of the meal indeed, Ambrose was almost beginning to appear as a rather likeable fellow. That is as much as a fellow who doesn't play cricket can be likeable.

These warm thoughts might have kindled into a glowing friendship had not Mr. Stoke given it as his considered opinion on the fuel crisis that, had all the cricket bats and stumps and scorers' pencils gone to keep the home fires burning, the evil might have been averted.

As they got up Stephen caught his wife with a wild eye. "Must pop down and look at the beach," he said beseechingly. Their host offered to accompany them and Belle was about to follow when Ambrose came up behind her.

"A moment young Marvel," he touched her lightly in the middle of the back with his knuckle. In a lowered voice he said, "This is an automatic. Keep walking over to the french-window as if nothing were wrong."

Belle complied. She spoke out of the corner of her mouth in the same tone. "Is this what they mean when they say an author lives in a little world of his own?"

"Only when they must escape the Miss Peach's of this world."

They passed out into the weak evening sunlight together. Mr. Stoke sighed and took out a cigarette case. As he opened it Miss Peach tripped out after them.

"Ooo-o-o," she said accusingly, thrusting a well-



Stephen twisted in his chair. He had decided that his worst fears would not only be realized but exceeded. The growing cloud of Miss Peach's verbal inexhaustibility was rapidly overshadowing any faults he might have resented in

HE flung himself down in the sand alongside her. "Heh! Heh! Heh!" he said, tugging an imaginary moustache. Belle spoke between clenched teeth. "I wish you'd go away"

manicured hand at them. "You two," She continued waving the hand roguishly.

Belle regarded her feet uneasily. Not so Mr. Stoke. He advanced on the dragon, laying a forefinger dramatically along his nose. "Ss-s-sh," he whispered: "You will keep our guilty secret, won't you, Miss Peach? At least until it's announced?" He looked at her pleadingly and Miss Peach disappeared on a high trill of laughter.

Turning back with a huge shrug of relief Mr. Stoke observed his companion to be blushing rosily. Further, the serenity of her grey eyes was disturbed by an angry intentness.

"Do you realize," she said grittily, "that Miss Peach will be rumouring the most dreadful things all round the house and maybe even the county?"

Mr. Stoke took her arm. "Don't worry," he chided her gently, "I don't mind. People are always talking about me, it doesn't mean a thing." He started to lead her across the lawn.

The hugeness of this conceit made her gasp. "You're impossible!" she choked. "Nonsense, you haven't tried yet. I thought you ogled me with great skill at dinner-time. Don't give up!"

Miss Marvel collapsed weakly on the grass feeling that her plummet had finally scraped the very depth of base male egotism. "You know," she bubbled, "I realize now why everyone hates you. Seriously though, I wish you hadn't said that to the Peach, she'll spread it round like anything." She got up and they strolled on.

"I shall adjust it to-morrow. I shall say I have decided there is not sufficient room in my life for work and a woman. She'll adore that."

"Wouldn't it be better," said Miss Marvel stonily, "if I said that I had decided that you were too erratic?" They had reached the edge of the cliff now and Ambrose stretched himself out full length on the grass and breathed deeply. "Well?" Miss Marvel standing over him made a small impatient gesture.

"Please sit down," he answered drowsily. She conceded to go down on her knees. She also conceded that the whole thing was secretly amusing and that Mr. Stoke, if a trifle overbearing, was at least refreshingly different. They lay there for an hour unconscious of the minutes slipping past.

Finally he rolled on his side and propped

his head on his arm. "Y'know," he went on, "it might be a mistake to say anything. After all, we may get on very well together. I observe in you an original and active mind, and your more tangible self is not without merit."

"Thank you," her tone was over-sweet. "What I observe in you is almost the opposite and is of so little interest as not to be worth while repeating."

"You're an ungenerous child."

"Hadn't we better go in now? It's getting late."

"No! No! The longer we remain here the greater the verisimilitude to garnish the confidences of Miss Peach. Perhaps you should put lipstick on my ear."

The first part of the statement proved, when they got back, to be unhappily more than true. A bridge four had just broken up and there was a long pause as they walked in the door. Belle became aware of covert appraising glances and Beetle was looking at her with faint lines on her brow. Miss Peach had done a thorough job. She and Ambrose drifted over to welcome Peter and Meg Fortune.

Their host whom all these undercurrents failed to disturb clapped his hands. "Let's all have a night-cap, then I'm off to bed." The conversation broke out again and suspense flew out the window.

Ambrose looked down at her and winked shamelessly. "What will you have, Belle?"

"I think just a cordial," she said faintly.

This small ministration was not lost on Miss Peach who trampled mercilessly into an anecdote about two young people she had once known. She threshed on till everyone was thoroughly uncomfortable.

At the end of it, Belle set down her glass and smiling quickly all round said, "Good night." She took care to include Mr. Stoke in the generalization.

Beetle said, "I'll come up with you," and they left together with Stephen on their heels. At the top of the stairs Stephen caught her by the elbow.

"Come into our room for a moment," he said firmly.

When the door had closed they turned and regarded her expectantly. "Well?" said Belle serenely.

"You hussy!" Stephen spoke with mock fury. "Pretending you'd never heard of the fellow until to-day, and all the time you've been carrying on with him like a . . ."

His wife interrupted him. "Stephen, don't be beastly."

"Oh, so I'm beastly am I?"

Belle burst out laughing. "It's all a joke," she said, "Just something Ambrose said to Miss Peach."

"Well, he had better unsay it. And where were you while the bridge was on? Enjoying the joke I suppose," he added with sarcastic emphasis.

Beetle said, "Oh, keep quiet! Belle darling, this is the first time you've met him isn't it?" The girl nodded. "Then you both better explain to-morrow otherwise it will be all over the place."

"I know, we're going to. Anyway, I don't agree with you altogether about him." She tipped her head sideways and smiled at them thoughtfully. "I think he's rather sweet." She stepped to the door. "See you at breakfast, good night."

Beetle said, "Good-night," and she slipped out.

Stephen, sitting on the bed, raised melodramatic (Continued on page 56)





Fourteen Men Against The West

Who Have Taken Upon Themselves, For Good Or For Evil, The Fate Of A Large Part Of Mankind

By Ferdinand Tuohy

One of the rare occasions on which members of Soviet Russia's Politburo have been photographed together, at the funeral of President Mikhail Kalinin in 1946. Left to right are, Bulganin, Mikoyan, Beria, Malenkov, Stalin, Shvernik, Voznesensky, Molotov, Kaganovitch, Zhdanov.

WHEN more than a score of ace British and American corre-

spondents spent six weeks at the Moscow Conference, they shared a uniform interest in the lives and doings of the men of the Politburo, in the personalities and methods of the rulers of Russia and most powerful body of men in the world to-day—Stalin's backroom boys.

Very occasionally one or other was pointed out at a reception or the ballet. As for approaching him then or later—not a hope. Of the fourteen men of destiny who meet in the Kremlin "Auntie Moll" was adjudged the only legitimate contact—for being in charge of what the correspondents wrote about, foreign affairs.

Russian liaison officials saw nothing strange in this. Why should foreigners pry into the lives and characters of these men when the Russian people themselves knew next to nothing about them—or wished to? Why should others want to know whether, say, Malenkov had a wife? Or "interesting" stories about him? Malenkov was not an individual, but part of a corporate body, and that body was Russia, above inquisitive eyes.

That people in other countries should want to know the human make-up of men who have taken upon themselves, for good or evil, the fate of a large part of mankind—such a desire was and remains for the rulers of Russia just another manifestation of effete "liberal democracy."

So when one seeks to raise the curtain a little on what is to me, I confess, rather a frightening composite creation of

impersonality, it has to be done against the resolute tuggings in the wings of Russia's stage managers. If the remainder of my life is going to be radically affected by these gentlemen, I want to know something about them; so here goes, for the little that it is.

Of the quadrumvirate that founded the Politburo at the outset of the 1917 Revolution, only Lenin died in his bed. Trotsky was murdered and Kamenev and Bukharin were shot in the 1937 purge. Stalin was number five and after thirty years is a long way the senior from every aspect. Yet his chairmanship of the backroom boys does not imply a rubber stamp. He encourages all sides of a question, then passes to a mixture of conciliation and persuasion. But when the die is cast against him, he bows to the majority will in the interest of "democratic centralization." Laziness and incompetence are the two things that move him to thundering anger from a normal suave or genial paternalism.

The men he presides over average fifty-three years of age. Most of them are hard-headed veterans with thirty to thirty-five years of Party work behind them, and from twelve to twenty years on the Politburo. This does not figure in the Constitution but is the core of Communism and the core of Russia. It is a form of super-Cabinet and Brains Trust combined and it picks itself. Since the purge of a decade ago there have been

five new members, each a replacement of a death.

Members are warned against being rabid doctrinaires. Their job is to balance ideology, tactics and functions. Consumed by the same intolerant, fanatical faith, they must keep a strict eye on practical realities as they govern one-sixth of the earth through a thousand threads from Moscow. On special occasions a Politburo member will travel, but most of the work is done from Moscow—directives, instructions, criticisms, questions and answers in an unending stream to thousands of regional, provincial and local Party organizations, which, in turn, bring their influence to bear on the entire structure, thinking, economy and creative processes of the sixteen republics.

If there exists anything vaguely like a clique in the Politburo, it stems from the ties that link "the three old Bolshies," Stalin, Voroshilov and Molotov.

"Klim" Voroshilov, the Czarist corporal turned Marshal, is the easiest to dispose of, of the lot. He's really still there out of "auld lang syne," as Stalin's oldest crony. He was removed, as not up to his job, when War Minister in 1941. But he and Stalin had defended vital Tsaritsyn (later Stalingrad) in 1918, and that's enough to this day. The important thing about "Klim" is that he has the right to vote—only ten of the fourteen can do so—and that his say joined to Stalin's and (Continued on page 58)

LIFE'S CRAZIEST LOVERS

Lord Byron And His Hectic Love Affair With Lady Caroline Lamb.

Illustrations by Jack Matthew.

"MAD—bad—and dangerous to know," Lady Caroline Lamb wrote in her diary after meeting Lord Byron at a ball in the spring of 1812. But when he presented himself at her home, Melbourne House, she "flew to beautify herself," and was soon saying: "That beautiful pale face will be my fate."

He was twenty-four, fêted and lionised as the handsome, melancholy, romantic hero of *Childe Harold*, which had swept the town; she, three years older, the clever, impulsive, temperamental wife of William Lamb, later the second Viscount Melbourne, counsellor to the young Queen. "I am haunted by a skeleton," the poet said of her, for the tomboyish, elf-like daughter of Lady Bessborough with the curly blonde head, whom Lamb had known since she was fourteen, had grown into a woman unfashionably thin.

But he could not keep away from Melbourne House. Every day he was in Caroline's room, talking of his travels and adventures, discussing poetry. They exchanged letters, verses. He was "Conrad" to her, she "Medora" to him. She was so devoted that she offered him her jewels. They even went through a mock-marriage ceremony, exchanging rings and recording mutual vows in a book, signing them "Byron and Caroline Byron."

Lamb, presumably, was not alarmed; nothing surprised him in the stormy young beauty who had torn her gown and fainted at their wedding because she was enraged with the officiating bishop, and had already had an affair with Sir Godfrey Webster, a reckless young rake who boasted that he never went to bed till nine in the morning.

POSSESSIVELY jealous, Byron would demand that she swear she loved him better than William, and when she hesitated, vowed: "My God, you shall pay for this, I'll wring that little obstinate heart!" He forbade her to waltz—though she was crazy on the new dance—because he could not bear to see her in the arms of another. But his jealousy could not match hers. Seeing him over-attentive to a beautiful woman who sat next to him at a dinner party, she bit through her glass in a fit of frenzy.

Byron began to wonder if he had embraced a woman or a tigress. He found it impossible to praise her puerile verses; became moody, and she fretful, when their mutual egotisms jarred. Her mother-in-law, Lady Melbourne—who at sixty-two was herself somewhat smitten

with the poet's charms—tried to break the infatuation for both their sakes, but they could not bring themselves to part.

Summoned upstairs by Caroline's shrieks, she would find her on the floor, hysterically sobbing. Calling at Melbourne House, Lady Bessborough found Lord Melbourne deathly pale and screaming to the servants to stop Caroline, who was threatening to go to Byron. "Go and be damned," he told her, "but I don't think he'll take you." Hatless, without money, she rushed into the street, and late that night was brought back by Byron, who'd found her in a surgeon's house at Kensington, planning to flee anywhere in the first ship that would take her, having pawned her ring. Repeatedly she promised not to see him, but met him secretly, and sometimes wrote thrice a day. She would even turn up at his rooms in St. James's Street dressed as a page in silver-laced jacket, red pantaloons, and plumed hat.

There was no respite for either until Byron left town for Cheltenham and Caroline for her father's house in Ireland.



Lady Caroline Lamb, seeing Byron over-attentive to a beautiful woman who sat next to him at a dinner party, bit through her glass in a fit of jealous frenzy



Then he wrote her farewell letters. "Correct your vanity which has become ridiculous," he said in one, "exert your caprices on others; enjoy the excellent flow of spirits which make you so delightful in the eyes of others, and leave me in peace."

On her return, however, she again pestered him with her advances, forcing her way into his rooms, threatening to stab herself with scissors. Lord David Cecil, in *The Young Melbourne*, says that in the next six months she "fought a desperate rearguard action." Ghastly pale, bony, thin, with staring eyes, she looked insane, and actually offered herself to young admirers if they would challenge Byron to a duel and kill him; forged a letter from him to a picture-dealer to procure his portrait; made a bonfire of his presents at her country home, Brocket, while village girls clad in white danced round the flames and a page recited verses written by her for the occasion.

SHE also wrote him pleading for a letter, a meeting, a bracelet of his hair. He sent her one made from the hair of her new rival, Lady Oxford, which happened to be the colour of his own—and then boasted of the trick to his friends and Lady Melbourne. Early in 1813 we find him writing a friend: "The 'Agnus' is furious. You can have no idea of the horrible and absurd things she has said and done since (really from the best motives) I withdrew my homage. . . . The business of last summer I broke off, and now the amusement of the gentle fair is writing letters literally threatening my life."

THE climax to the drama came when they met again at a ball at Lady Heathcote's. She swept up to him and asked ironically: "I presume *now* I am allowed to waltz." She could do as she liked, he replied contemptuously, and later, brushing past her, sneered: "I have been admiring your dexterity." Frantic with rage, stung to desperation, she rushed into the supper room, smashed a glass, and gashed her bare arms with a jagged fragment. Instantly there was uproar. Women screamed. Lady Melbourne, seizing her hands, held her down; jabbing at herself with scissors, she was carried out.

Afterwards we hear of her playing the organ all night for consolation until she was frozen with the cold, pacing the passages in the early hours like a distraught ghost, often refusing food all day, while the ever-patient William tried to mollify her. Later, when they were

Stung to desperation, Lady Caroline Lamb rushed into the supper room, smashed a glass, and gashed her bare arms. Instantly there was uproar. Lady Melbourne, seizing her hands, held her down





in Paris and due to leave the next day, she heard that Byron was expected, resolved to stay on, and in an angry "scene" with William, flung crockery, vases, candlesticks on to the floor, while he sought vainly to restrain her.

Back in London, she again haunted Byron's rooms, once bursting in, disguised as a carman, while he was entertaining a rival charmer; another time scrawling "Remember me" on a book on his table. Byron retorted:

"Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not,
Thy husband, too, shall think of thee,
By neither shalt thou be forgot,
Thou false to him, thou fiend to me!"

"You talk to me about keeping her out," he told Lady Melbourne. "It is impossible, she comes in at all times—the moment the door is open, in she walks. I cannot throw her out of the window." There is little doubt that he was sorely tempted to; instead, after this state of affairs had dragged on for some months, he thought to shock her out of her obsession with terrible revelations about his secret life—and she vowed never to see him again.

Lady Melbourne helped towards a final solution by encouraging him to sue for the hand of her niece, Miss Milbanke, whom he subsequently married, none too happily. Caroline, surprisingly, did not throw fits or crockery on hearing of the engagement. After the inevitable protests and warnings to her rival, she contented herself with observing that a woman who was punctual at church, learned, knew statistics, and had a bad figure was "not for Conrad, no, no, no," and they would never pull together. Then she proceeded to spill the whole scandal of the Byron affair in a novel, *Glenarvon*.

William's patience did not go unrewarded, for when she asked a friend at dinner, "Whom do you imagine I consider the most distinguished man I ever met?" and he suggested "Lord Byron," she declared: "No, my own husband, William Lamb," and before dying demented paid him a last tribute as "the only noble fellow I ever met with."

ON a July day of 1824 her carriage, emerging from the Brocket Hall gates, encountered a solemn funeral cortège on the road. On hearing later that it contained the remains of Byron, who was being brought home for burial, she cried out and fainted. That last chance meeting was, perhaps, the strangest of all in the story of the world's maddest lovers.

END.

She again haunted Byron's rooms in London, once bursting in, disguised as a carman, while he was entertaining a rival charmer

Elephants Of The Sea

The Three-ton Denizens Of
The Antarctic

By Frank W. Lane

A FULL-GROWN sea elephant is a gigantic beast, being surpassed in weight only by the African and Indian elephant. An elephant seal that used to be kept in the Hamburg Zoological Gardens was sixteen feet long and weighed two tons. It used to eat nearly three hundredweight of fish each day.

In the wild state even larger sea elephants have been known. Twenty-two feet in length and three tons in weight probably represent the maximum figures for these huge and ungainly beasts. To help equip it to face the rigours of Antarctic weather the sea elephant is encased in a mass of blubber, or fat, and when moving on land it trembles, as one observer put it "like a bag of jelly."

Elephant seals spend all the winter at sea, but at the approach of spring they congregate in rookeries, as their breeding haunts are called, on the beaches of South Georgia. It is a remarkable fact that during the whole of the breeding season, which lasts for about nine weeks, both cow and bull sea elephants fast. No doubt their great reserves of blubber help to tide them over this period.

The bulls are polygamous, and they gather a harem of cows which they jealously guard from their rivals. As may be imagined, fierce fights take place between rival bulls and no adult bull is without the scars of battle.

Lively scenes are witnessed on the beaches during this time. If a bull thinks another has designs on one of his wives he immediately raises his head, throws it back and, with proboscis inflated and mouth wide open, he roars with all his might. If the (Continued on page 54)



(Above) Roaring defiance. A pair of bull sea elephants preparing to fight each other



(On right) A female sea elephant and newly born pup resting



(Above) What's all the noise about? Two female sea elephants start a quarrel whilst the young pups look on wondering what it is all about

(On left) A young sea elephant pup just over its first moult, lying in the surf getting used to the water and learning to swim before finally going to sea



(Photographs by A. Saunders)

The Fugitive of Frog River

*Bruton was a drug peddler but he was not entirely demoralized
—as escaped Japanese prisoner, Colonel Itagaki, discovered*

By Michael Hastings

MIND-TORMENTING sound came from the jungle blackness. There was an idiot medley made up of the high screeching of cicadas, the hollow-tube booming of frogs, and the relentless toc-tocking of brain-fever birds. Near the water the jungle dwindled to a fringe of vines and creepers and lush undergrowth. White hibiscus flowers showed like fallen stars.

Along the riverside, raised a foot or so by thick poles, was a bungalow. It jutted slightly over the water as though contemplating a dive. Its walls were no protection against the invisible waves of heat and dampness.

Inside one of the rooms, separated from the veranda by a white cascade of mosquito netting, a woman and two men were sitting in wicker chairs. There was no repose in their attitudes. Instead, there was a wariness, a tension of wires strained to snapping point.

As one of the men leaned forward, the light from the oil lamp shone on his red hair, his burning-bushes of eyebrows, and on the red pelt that covered his thick forearms.

"Looks like you and your lady will have to stay the night, Munro," he said.

Steven Munro, neatly clothed, spare of body, thin-faced, answered coldly: "We'd expected to use the old rest house if anything happened to delay our return."

His wife's glance was questioning. She had been aware of this strange hostility from the moment that they had encountered Bruton. She knew no reason for it. She was sure of one thing—Steven had never mentioned Bruton, not even when announcing his plan for a launch trip up the Frog River. Covertly, she studied the man, watched an almost leering smile filming over his lips as he said: "Well, you've seen it—what's left of it. Five years' neglect in this devil-country. And everything movable shifted by the Malays into their *kampung*. You'll have to ram your pride down your stiff neck, Munro." His laughter seemed to bubble up through oil. "New experience for you to be the guest of a drug peddler, eh?"

Leila Munro had a flash-back mental picture of the opium-wasted, prematurely aged scarecrows which her husband had pointed out to her from time to time.

A struggle raged within Steven Munro. He knew his duty. Bruton was wanted for more things than his drug offences. As District Officer his duty was plain. Bruton should be arrested and taken down to the coast. Blundering upon him here was the first intimation that he was in the area. It was generally believed that the man had disappeared during the Japanese occupation. But, on the other hand, no good would be served in making the arrest. The launch was crippled. Mat, the only Malay assistant he had brought with him, was struggling with the engine. It would not be possible to make a start before dawn. Moreover, he had Leila to consider.

It was obvious that she couldn't spend

the mosquito-plagued night in the launch. Suppose that he tried to arrest Bruton and hold him as a prisoner until morning; that would mean a fight with the odds in Bruton's favour. Munro had already noticed a Malay servant and a Chinese boy. There might be others. No, he couldn't risk violence—not with Leila on his hands. He gave in to circumstances. "Right, Bruton," he said crisply. "We'll call it an armistice. You shall give us shelter for the night. I shall

not be up the Frog River again for three weeks. That's a promise. If you're here next time. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Fairly spoken," said the trader, making no effort to rid his voice of mockery. "Naturally, you've your duty; just as I've my business." He stretched a powerful arm



The yellow hand holding a revolver moved slightly.

back and rapped a bronze gong with his knuckles. "We'll forget 'em both until the morning. It's time for *s'tengahs*."

The Chinese boy glided into the room bearing a tray with glasses, whisky and small, chubby bottles of soda-water. The tension in the room loosened. Even the heat seemed to drop a couple of degrees.

Bruton wiped his hands on a handkerchief before pouring the drinks. "How are things on the coast?" he asked.

"So-so," said Munro. "Everything's been neglected, of course. There are too many homes where only the old people are left. But you still see parties coming back from the jungle where they took refuge. It'll take a long time to get everything to rights again. The Japs looted the official buildings thoroughly."

Bruton nodded.

"I should think you're the only white woman along this coast, aren't you, Mrs. Munro?"

"I suppose I am. It wasn't easy obtaining permission to come; but it was granted eventually because I've medical experience. There's a dreadful amount of disease."

Bruton rubbed his chin. "You'd find some work to do over in the *kampong*," he said.

Leila sighed. "There's work everywhere," she said. "It's just impossible for me to go to every place."

"So you didn't come up river for medical reasons," Bruton said thoughtfully.

"No," her husband answered for her. "We've both been hard at it, and we intended this to be a pleasure trip. I had a slight excuse. A little matter of. . . ." He broke off and leapt to his feet. A sound had torn across the jungle noises. High pitched, wailing away. Leila felt her blood freezing; it seemed to run in trickles down her spine.

Bruton came out of his chair like a heavyweight at the sound of the bell.

"That wasn't animal!" he cried.

"Any trouble from the hill people?" Munro demanded.

"Not even a sight of 'em the past two months." Bruton crossed to the netting and clutched at the folds. "You wait here," he said. "I'll take a look." As he moved his arm the white curtain went back to show the velvet darkness of the sky. A solitary star twinkled. The jungle noises, which seemed to have silenced immediately after the scream, started up again.

Bruton stepped out upon the veranda. Steven Munro moved as though to follow; then paused to glance at his wife. She came swiftly to his side. For no more than a second they stood there together. Then they heard a sharp intake of breath from Bruton and his bulk was pressing against them. They stepped back.

Slowly he raised his hands. He still faced the open doorway and his bulk concealed whoever was on the other side of him. Munro pulled his gun, waiting for an opportunity. A voice spoke from the darkness—in English. It was a clear voice, high-pitched and with a sing-song quality.

"It would be a pity if we had to shoot the lady. Look at the window."

Steven Munro gave a swift glance. What was behind the slats he could not see, but there was no uncertainty about the rifle-muzzle which was pushed through



JACK M. FAULKES

"You will step over to the wall—please"

was silence in the room. Bruton ended it.

"Japanese, eh," he said.

The man with the revolver clicked his heels. "Colonel Itagaki," he announced.

"Itagaki," said Bruton. "The war's ended now."

"Indeed?" The colonel showed his teeth in a swift smile. "War never ends—as long as there are loyal troops. You are my prisoners."

"That's absurd!" cried Munro. "There isn't a war any longer. The best thing that you can do is to come down to the coast and surrender."

"There was a surrender," said the colonel. "By a dishonourable officer senior to myself. I have been in one of your camps—but managed to escape."

"Who did you kill outside?" Bruton demanded. He took advantage of this attacking question and lowered his arms.

"Only a Malay—he was in a small launch. Unfortunately, it does not seem to be in running order."

"And what are you going to do next?" Bruton asked, making an effort to keep the initiative.

"I shall decide that—in due course. I warn you that to attempt to escape, or to do anything else of a foolish

nature will be most unwise. After long, hunted nights in the jungle my men have eager fingers." With a cat-like movement of body and arm he swept up the weapon which Munro had dropped. Breaking it open, he removed the bullets and transferred them to his pocket. The revolver he set down on the small table. It clinked against one of the empty glasses. "Perhaps there is another gun," he said. "It will be necessary to search you. Turn round and face the wall—please."

"My wife is unarmed," said Munro quickly.

Itagaki's dark eyes did not betray his thoughts as he stood for a minute or two looking at his white prisoners. Then he said, slowly: "I am not unreasonable. Perhaps she can be spared what you consider an indignity. If she will pass her handbag. . . ."

Leila obeyed swiftly. He took it from her with a swift bow. His yellow fingers explored swiftly. Then he returned it to her. He stepped nearer to Bruton and Munro. "Now," he said. They turned. From Steven Munro the colonel removed a penknife, (*Continued on page 67*)

Illustrations
by
Jack Faulks

them. A rifle unmistakably trained upon Leila.

The voice continued: "You will drop your revolver—please."

Gradually Munro's fingers relaxed their grip. The weapon fell to the bare boards with a clatter. Then Bruton was clear of the door. The white netting parted and a man stepped in. For a moment Munro's mind grappled with time. If this had been a few years back. . . .

The man in the door was small and slight of build. He was wearing a tattered uniform which no longer retained any colour. There were no buttons, no insignia of rank. But there was an arrogant assumption of authority—and narrow eyes charged with hatred.

The yellow hand holding a revolver moved slightly.

"You will step over to the wall—please."

The three of them obeyed. From the veranda came a slight scuffling sound. Two men, in even more ragged clothes, appeared behind their leader. Both held rifles. There

JACK M.
FAULKS

Munro froze into an attitude of dejection . . .

The ruins of St. Andrews Cathedral. The picture shows the west doorway and gable. Founded in 1160 and consecrated in 1318, it had taken about two centuries to complete, and was in its time the largest in the world, excluding St. Peter's, Rome

pilgrims in stuff-gowns and cockle-shell trimmed hats expiating their sins—wife beating among others—in the great cathedral, the largest of its kind in the world at that time outside St. Peter's. Cromwell's men in breastplate and thigh boots swaggered here; Knox in his sable, dismal clothes incited the mob to frenzy

and brought about the decay of the cathedral which had taken almost two centuries to complete. Here in its quiet cloisters, Mary of Scots found what little peace she knew.

The ancient castle, now a mere shell brooding peacefully enough on the cliff-top, was the scene of constant strife since it was raised in the thirteenth century. It saw the burning of Wishart, the year's siege by the Regent Arran and the murder of Cardinal Beaton, a crime which set the whole Christian world by the ears and which is remembered vividly to this day. Any casual stroller will tell how the lacerated body of the cardinal was hung from his chamber window by the ankle by the seventeen mailclad friends of Wishart, and how months later in the notorious Bottle Dungeon, Beaton was found packed in a cask of salt!

Nearby is the Abbey, with its ruined towers poised beneficently over the town. Here in the abbey grounds is the Haunted Tower, one of Scotland's greatest mysteries, with a story waiting for the pen of a modern Poe.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, a number of reputable burghers, including a University professor, broke into the tower set in the abbey wall. Confronting them they found a beautiful girl in fourteenth-century gown and elbow length white gloves, surrounded by ten others, men and women, all in a state of perfect preservation as if they had died within the hour. Resealing the tomb, they kept their secret, until a few years later the tomb was again opened. This time it was empty: nothing remained of the beautiful maid or her attendants! Who she was and where she went is the basis for legend, but many people tell, how on wild nights she is seen, gowned in white, walking to and fro before the tower.

Another supernatural tenant of the much-haunted abbey grounds—there are five with such fanciful titles as "The Beckoning Monk," "The Veiled Nun," "The Grey Prior" and "The White Lady"—is the ghostly monk of St. Rule's Tower, who is to be seen peering over the top of the 109-foot high structure on moonlight nights.

All the area around the abbey is a happy haunt-ground for spectres, and (Continued on page 61)



City Of Ghosts

"St. Andrews by the northern sea,
A haunted city is to me!"

By C. S. Hatton-Ferguson

WHEN Andrew Lang penned this couplet, he summed up the whole character and atmosphere of the small grey town which huddles in the wind-swept "East Neuk" of Fife. This Mecca of the golfing pilgrim is heavy with memories of great events and stirring times. A town of narrow twisting streets, cobbled wynds and crow-stepped, crooked houses: a fitting home for the ninety odd phantoms and familiars which haunt the area—some of them at two-thirty in the afternoon. St. Andrews has seen



A view of St. Andrews showing the remains of the castle which was built in 1200



WAKENED abruptly from his afternoon siesta by a love-happy squirrel, the big black bear wrinkled his nose at the impudent little serenader and sent him scuttling with an angry "woof." Then, painfully heaving his vast bulk to a flat rock crowning the ridge, he quartered the valley below with speculative eyes. Still stiff and muscle-bound from his long winter sleep, he loathed unnecessary exertion and stubbornly refused to take a single step unless there was something promising at the end of it.

As he stood there on his granite pedestal, outlined against the blue spring sky, anybody passing along the old bush road would, in all probability, have recognized him, for he was a country-wide legend and the object of many a fruitless and discouraging hunt. A lone old bear, avoiding contact with his kind, and ranging the hills and gullies long after his more gregarious relatives had retired for the winter, Rusty, as he had come to be called by two generations of farmers, was generally treated with the awe and respect accorded the famed and renowned.

From a spot as distant as the bush road there could be no denying that he looked majestic and imposing, an eye-filling specimen of *Ursus americanus*. A closer inspection, however, would have revealed his many shameful deficiencies—the worn teeth and claws, the gaunt flanks, the faded eyes and the incredibly rusty fur.

He hadn't always looked so unprepossessing, of course. There had been a time, many years before, when his physical equal couldn't be found in the hills and gullies he dominated. Time had taken its toll, however, dulling his senses and leaving him with a dislike for his kind and an insatiable longing for solitude.

Figuring presently that if there was any food to be had in the vicinity it would be found somewhere in the lush valley below, he eased himself carefully off the rock and half-slid, half-scrambled, down the steep slope in a shower of loose earth. The sharp rocks, their undersides still ringed with frost, hurt his peeled soles, and he interrupted his descent from

time to time to caress them with a solicitous tongue.

The valley, while still lethargic from the numbing bonds of winter, fulfilled its promise. Not only did it resound with the drone of insects, but it spread a thick carpet of spongy moss under his feverishly throbbing pads. Flocks of short-tailed blackbirds scattered at his approach, creaking like wheelbarrows, and a bluebird whisked past his nose on rustling wings.

The hunger that gnaws at a bear's insides after the winter's abstinence is a consuming thing, impossible to ignore. Favoured by his tender feet he left the moss and, following his constantly twitching nose, began overturning rocks and logs in search of the bugs and beetles long experience assured him would be there for the taking. Later, in berry time, he would turn almost completely vegetarian. But just now he wasn't the least bit particular. The insects burned his tongue and caught at his throat, but he merely blinked his red-rimmed eyes and looked for more.

Not all the logs and rocks co-operated, unfortunately. Some deadfalls, covered with moss and rotten with age, crumbled under his paws and dissolved into dust. And stones that looked particularly promising were frequently so well cemented in ice they defied even his prodigious strength.

These setbacks were only temporary,

however. There were enough insects to take the edge off his hunger. Absorbed in filling his seemingly bottomless stomach, it was some time before he realized that he had company—a big, loose-limbed mother bear and her precocious cub. Flattening his ears against his skull, he hurled a surly snarl in their direction and moved away. If there was anything in the world more disagreeable than females, it was bear cubs, and he didn't want to have anything to do with either of them.

Though Rusty's venomous snarl failed to raise the young matron's temperature by a single degree, she watched the branches snap behind his faded rump with a genuine feeling of relief. Alone, she wouldn't have hesitated to try conclusions with him. With the cub scuttling about

her heels she felt frighteningly vulnerable.

The bearling, of course, entertained no inhibitions of any kind. Settling back on his hindquarters he stared speculatively at the spot where the big fellow had disappeared. Then, curiosity overcoming prudence, he took after him as fast as his small legs could carry him.

Annoyed at this intrusion on his privacy, Rusty twisted his head sideways and blasted the intruder with his number one roar. The cub faltered under the impact and seemed about to retreat. Then,

Rusty...

By William MacMillan

An Old Black Bear Who Found A Cub Just Another Problem In His Old Age



*... he hurled a surly snarl
in their direction and moved
away*

calling on all his courage, he shambled towards him.

The old bear's next bellow, drawn from the depths of the cavernous chest, halted him in mid-air, so to speak, and all but blew him out of his skin. Terrified, he rolled over on his back and turned up all four paws as his flustered parent shambled past him and came to grips with the patriarch.

Considered solely from the standpoint of gross tonnage Rusty should have won the primitive wrestling match paws down. In addition, not only were his height and reach immeasurably superior, but he had acquired through the years a bagful of confusing and illegal holds that should have easily routed his powerful, but less experienced, antagonist.

Unfortunately, he wasn't as young as he used to be, and time had so blunted his two most potent weapons, his teeth and his claws, that they failed him in the clinch and, before he quite knew what had happened, he found himself flat on his back and being raked fore and aft by the angry matron's claws and teeth. Hurling her from him with an exasperated cough, he lurched to his feet and beat a hasty retreat.

Snorting and growling to himself, and not once looking behind, he charged blindly through the underbrush till miles of screening woods guaranteed him against any further interference from either cub or parent. Easing himself thankfully beside a moss-encrusted log, he licked a two-inch gash in his chest and reflected, bitterly, on how different things had been in his day.

He was still stewing in his own juice, so to speak, when the muffled explosion of a gun, somewhere deep in the woods behind him, brought him to his feet, tense and alert. Moving his scarred head slowly from side to side he sifted the powder-tainted air through aged nostrils. Gunfire usually meant trouble of some kind or another, and all his instincts warned him that the danger, whatever it was, was real—and close.

His great bandy legs, with their non-retractile claws, spread wide, he was staring intently in the direction of the explosion when a familiar whicker caught his ear and he shifted his eyes to a patch of mountain laurel just as a small bear, the one whose parent had so completely deflated his ego but a short time back, burst into view.

Clearly panic-stricken by the explosion that had robbed his mother of life and made him an orphan, the bearling crossed the clearing on rubbery legs. Suddenly catching sight of the old bear's forbidding bulk by the log he put all his anguished feelings into a heartrending wail and weaved towards him.

The cantankerous old giant was on the spot. His tattered ears twitching nervously, he glanced uncertainly about him. There was no place in his austere life for a motherless cub, and he had no desire to be signalled out for adoption. Before he could retreat, however, the youngster had gained his side and was nosing his gaunt flanks with hoarse little whickers of relief.

It had been years since Rusty had felt anything as soft and helpless as a cub underfoot, and the pressure of the trembling little body against his brought his cherished isolation tumbling about his ears. Dropping his head he flicked a moist tongue over the hot little face and gave a consoling rumble that would have driven the cub into fresh paroxysms of terror if he hadn't had other things on his mind. Then, suddenly exasperated at his own soft-heartedness, he added a snarl

to the growl and, jerking impatiently away from the dismayed little refugee, broke into a lumbering gallop.

Figuring, presently, that he had shaken off the diminutive nuisance he slowed down to a walk that, in turn, gradually degenerated to a saunter. Feeling enormously relieved, he was nosing over a promising patch of moist soil when there was a movement in the underbrush and the bearling shambled towards him, complaining bitterly.

Masking his surprise with a forbidding scowl, Rusty turned his back on him and resumed his sniffing. Fortunately, his questing nose caught the faint whiff of a botanical delicacy almost immediately, and mounting excitement drove all thoughts of the cub completely from his mind. Sending the earth flying with his scooping feet he quickly unearthed an edible root. Holding it in his huge forepaws in an incredibly dainty way he was sampling its pungent juices when the cub hooked it clumsily away from him, pawed at it doubtfully for a split second, then snatched it up in his teeth, crawled under a log, and proceeded to demolish it with a vulgar smacking of his lips.

To say that the old bruin was surprised would be putting it mildly. His great head cocked on one side, and his blunt teeth bared, he glared resentfully at the bad-mannered little thief. His first impulse, naturally, was to stretch out a paw, hook him from his sanctuary and send him spinning with a well-directed clout. Restraining this homicidal urge he swung away and resumed his digging.

Notwithstanding his bulk, his paws sifted the loose, black earth with deceptive daintiness, bringing to light bulbs of all sizes and shapes. Most of these he tossed aside after an experimental nip or two. Some, however, a relatively small number, he disposed of with the dreamy mannerisms of a confirmed gourmand.

Illustrations by Tunnickliffe

Transported by the palate-tickling juices of a sizeable Jack-in-the-pulpit root, he wasn't aware that the cub, having disposed of his loot, had forsaken his sanctuary and pounced greedily on one of the discarded bulbs. The youngster's howl of pain and surprise, as the sulphuric like acids seared his tongue, was his inkling that the youngster had forsaken the protection of the log. Raising his head he watched the tormented bearling bite at the cool earth in a desperate effort to rid himself of the horrible taste then, finally, collapse in misery. Rumbling in his throat, Rusty heaved himself to his feet, arched his gigantic body protectively over him and flicked him gently with his tongue.

The oddly matched pair ambled leisurely through the woods for the rest of that day, capturing grasshoppers and feeding on whatever other insects they could surprise. The cub couldn't forget his experience with the obnoxious root, however, and would shy nervously away from

Rusty when the latter went botanical, as he did from time to time. Skunk cabbage was different, of course. And having once established the tastiness of the foul smelling leaves to his satisfaction, he nibbled them at every opportunity.

Strange as it may seem, Rusty secretly enjoyed his protege's company and, from time to time, even went out of his way to initiate him in the art of woodcraft. Sometimes, of course, things didn't pan out quite as Rusty expected, but he could hardly be blamed for that. He was circling a ragged clump of alders one early morning with eagerly sifting nostrils when his near-sighted eyes spotted the blurred outlines of a bees' nest dangling from an alder. Rearing up on his hind legs with a growl of delight he attempted to demolish the cone with a quick brush of his forepaw. Unfortunately, he lost his balance with the lunge and, missing the target completely, sat down on his rump with a thud that shook the ground and brought a yelp of consternation from the cub. Muttering angrily, Rusty pushed himself to his feet and brought both tree and nest down with a mighty side-swipe. Ignoring the clouds of bees that came pouring out of the ruins of the cone he began scooping up the honey with greedy tongue.

After that first startled yelp the cub had remained an interested, but baffled, spectator of the proceedings. But now, unable to resist the intoxicating smell of honey that filled the air and tantalized his nostrils, he edged boldly in beside the old bear and was in the (Continued on page 52)



... Rusty came galloping to his rescue with a series of roars that rattled the branches and filled the valley with sound

Make a note of these

Some of the items in this up-to-date shopping guide, may help to turn long-deferred plans into reality or set you planning new enterprises. For fuller details, write to the Editor, Woman's Section, *Britannia and Eve*, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.



A boon in a coupon famine. A Hire Service where model clothes and accessories can be had on loan for periods up to 10 days. Wedding dresses from 4 gns. to 8 gns. and bridesmaids' outfits from 2 gns. to £3 10s. for a week. Afternoon dresses, tweeds, evening dresses and wraps and dinner gowns from 30s. a day.

A new children's shop has opened where you can get a complete outfit for your child from head to toe without moving outside the door. All ages catered for, from layettes to school outfits.

If you have been waiting for the return of American shoes, with all the pre-war qualities of comfortable fitting and good styling, you will be glad to hear that regular consignments are now reaching a well-known London shoe store.



Kitchen and bathroom floors can again be fitted with rubber lino, plain or patterned. Coconut matting is also back again in fairly good supply.

For straight-from-the-office dinner dates or a refreshing finale to a tiring afternoon's shopping, a Baker Street salon offers a quick cleanse and make-up for 3s. 6d. A hairdresser will dress your hair for the evening for a few shillings extra. No need to make an appointment. For a subscription of £1 1s. a year, a beauty club at the same address offers a quiet, beautifully decorated club-room, use of the beauty bar, advice on all beauty problems, and a shopping service, equally valuable to the business woman with limited time and the occasional shopping visitor to London.



A cask of vintage cider, sweet, dry or medium, or a cask of perry, is a good solution to the drink problem if you are planning a party. A 6-gallon cask will be delivered to any address in England for £4 8s.; £2 returnable on the cask.

A portable gas-cooker comprising a gas cylinder fitted with a tap, burner and stand, which packs neatly away into a small case. A good standby for the season of fuel cuts. Price £3 11s. 3d. Refill cylinder of gas, 3s.

Real-flower ear-rings, bracelets and necklaces made up to match your ensemble and delivered to any part of the country in special packing to ensure freshness. The same specialist offers a home service which means that flowers in your home are renewed twice a week in winter and three times in summer.



Ready-cooked meals from a famous London restaurant which require only reheating. Choice of several fish specialties. Orders telephoned in advance will be ready when you call. From 4s. 6d. to 9s. 6d. a portion.

ANTIQUES ARE



Chippendale mahogany kneehole dressing-table.



Chippendale oval writing-table with drawers.



Sheraton mulberrywood sideboard.



Good drawer and cupboard space makes the bureau-bookcase a practical piece of furniture. The bookshelves are used here as an effective display case for a collection of glass and china.



Small collector's pieces can make a practical and decorative feature in any room. Tasteful grouping with the larger pieces of furniture in this room enhances the beauty of a collection of old brass.

PRACTICAL

In a furniture shortage, period pieces come into their own with proof that they can be as practical as they are good to look at.

By Winifred Lewis

IF antiques can be said ever to have gone out, they are certainly rapidly on the way in. The fact is that beautiful old furniture never loses its appeal for lovers of fine craftsmanship, and, in this sense, period furniture is never out of favour. But, for all this, there is an occasional renewal of enthusiasm for the period style of furnishing, and we appear to be in one of these phases now, for several reasons.

Modern furniture is expensive and hard to get. There is an inevitable reaction to the austerity of furniture, however good, designed and made under existing restrictions. Antiques have an unassailable dignity which stands alone against almost any background, even the simplest. More important still, circumstances have disclosed that antiques, carefully selected, combine with beauty some very practical qualities of service. It goes without saying that the purchase of antiques is a sound investment.

The craftsmen of earlier times were practical men. They made their furniture to last and, in many instances, they planned it to give the fullest service. Generous cupboard and drawer space are typical features of period pieces, and in the modern house or flat, where accommodation is too often far from adequate, this is an important consideration.

An Eighteenth-Century linen press, for example, is a practical and beautiful thing to own. With shelves removed from the cupboard, this space can be fitted with a rail and hangers and adapts itself well as a man's wardrobe, leaving drawers below for other uses.

The chests of drawers of the same period—and earlier—make useful and delightful dressing-tables. Knee-hole desks can be used for the same purpose, particularly the more decorative kind.

The smaller antiques are inevitably much sought-after. Their popularity tends to inflate the price of pieces most suitable for the small house or flat. At the same time, if heirloom pieces are beyond one's means, there is much elegant and beautiful furniture of the late Eighteenth Century which one can be proud to own and which compares not unfavourably in price with modern furniture which, even at second-hand prices, has reached levels out of all relation to intrinsic values.



Period pieces which combine qualities of charm and practical use furnish this cottage bedroom. The table has been simply and effectively adapted as a dressing-table, and a chest of drawers provides useful accommodation for clothes.

Individual pieces from Harris and Sons' showroom, New Oxford Street.



Late Eighteenth-Century lacquer dressing-table.



Hepplewhite shield-back chair and nest of tables.

Made from a Map.

ANCIENT county maps used as decoration are happily in the mood for schemes of period furnishing. Genuine examples are available at very reasonable cost for people who have the time to search in the print shops. For others, a London store has a selection of attractive maps designed by Ernest Clegg which can be framed or adapted to various decorative uses. The dimensions are 16 ins. by 21 ins., and the price is 10s. 6d. each.

The same store is displaying attractive bed-trays in which the same maps are mounted under glass with strong wooden frames. Fitted with short legs, they serve equally well as coffee-trays or as low occasional tables. The price is £6 16s. 6d.

Set in a narrow gilt or black frame, or even passe-partout, these maps make delightful pictures. Clever fingers can adapt them as lampshades. An old screen pasted over, scrap-book fashion, with county maps of various sizes makes a quaint and decorative feature for a sitting-room, and if maps of familiar parts of the country are used, the screen has the added appeal of personal interest.

Three · Colour Sweater



MATERIALS: 4 ozs. of Munrospun "Fairytex" Main Colour (Pink); 2 ozs. each of Munrospun "Fairytex" in Green and Blue; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; 2 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins.; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins.; sleeve (underarm seam), 18 ins.

TENSION: 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT.

With No. 12 needles and main colour, cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 4 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and continue as follows (all stocking stitch; one row knit, one row purl):

1st row.—Knit in m. 2nd row.—P. 48 m., 4 g., 48 m.
3rd row.—47 m., 2 g., 2 b., 2 g., 47 m. 4th row.—46 m., 2 g., 4 b., 2 g., 46 m. 5th row.—45 m., 2 g., 6 b., 2 g., 45 m.
6th row.—44 m., 2 g., 8 b., 2 g., 44 m. 7th row.—43 m., 2 g., 10 b., 2 g., 43 m. 8th row.—42 m., 2 g., 12 b., 2 g., 42 m. (increasing 1 st. each end on the next and every 4th row following until 120 sts.). 9th row.—Inc., 40 m., 2 g., 14 b., 2 g., 40 m., inc. 10th row.—41 m., 2 g., 16 b., 2 g., 41 m. 11th row.—40 m., 2 g., 18 b., 2 g., 40 m. 12th row.—39 m., 2 g., 20 b., 2 g., 39 m. 13th row.—Inc., 37 m., 2 g., 22 b., 2 g., 37 m., inc. 14th row.—38 m., 2 g., 24 b., 2 g., 38 m. 15th row.—37 m., 2 g., 26 b., 2 g., 37 m. 16th row.—36 m., 2 g., 28 b., 2 g., 36 m. 17th row.—Inc., 34 m., 2 g., 30 b., 2 g., 34 m., inc. 18th row.—35 m., 2 g., 32 b., 2 g., 35 m. 19th row.—34 m., 2 g., 34 b., 2 g., 34 m. 20th row.—33 m., 2 g., 36 b., 2 g., 33 m. 21st row.—Inc., 31 m., 2 g., 38 b., 2 g., 31 m., inc. 22nd row.—32 m., 2 g., 40 b., 2 g., 32 m. 23rd row.—31 m., 2 g., 42 b., 2 g., 31 m. 24th row.—30 m., 2 g., 44 b., 2 g., 30 m. 25th row.—Inc., 28 m., 2 g., 46 b., 2 g., 28 m., inc. 26th row.—29 m., 48 b., 2 g., 29 m. 27th row.—28 m., 2 g., 50 b., 2 g., 28 m. 28th row.—27 m., 2 g., 52 b., 2 g., 27 m. 29th row.—Inc., 25 m., 2 g., 54 b., 2 g., 25 m., inc. (Continued on page 62)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl;
st. = stitch; sts. = stitches;
dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; beg. = beginning;
tog. = together.
Note: M. = Main; g. = Green;
b. = Blue.

With A Hand Embroidered Motif

MATERIALS: 6 ozs. of Templeton's 3-ply "Ayrbeam" Super Scotch Fingering; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; small quantity of Angora; 2 buttons; transfer.

MEASUREMENTS: From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins.; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins.

TENSION: 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT.

With No. 12 needles cast on 110 sts. Rib 3 ins. k. 1, p. 1 (cast on 1 st. 101 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and moss stitch. Work 1 in. then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 121 sts. Continue until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 91 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK.

Work 40 sts., cast off 11 sts., work 40 sts. Work on the last 40 sts. for 2 ins., at the same time decreasing 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck-edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER.

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 armhole-end rows. Return to the 40 sts., join wool at the neck-edge and work to correspond with the last set of 40 sts.

THE BACK.

Work as for the front until after armhole shaping (91 sts.). Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 45 sts. (place the remaining 46 sts. on spare needle). Work 6 ins. of the first 45 sts.

SHAPE NECK.

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next neck-edge row. Work for 1 in., at the same time decreasing 1 st. at the beg. of every neck-edge row until 30 sts. remain. (Continued on page 62)





(Left.) Hart's blouse in blue and white butcher-stripe Sea Island cotton is easily washed and ironed. Collar and cuffs are fused. Price £5 15s. 6d. Worn with a Harella Utility skirt in fine grey flannel with a deep wrap-over and a large patch pocket. Price approximately 36s. (Below.) Wolsey's Utility jersey dress in donkey brown fastens on the left shoulder and has an enormous patch pocket and modified bishop sleeves. Price 58s. 5d.



Strictly For Business

Clothes for the business woman should be practical, serviceable and as smart out of the office as they are suitable on the job.

Berkertex make the exceptionally smart two-piece dress and jacket shown on the left and above in brown and grey fine herring-bone wool suiting. Inset panels on the front of the dress show the tweed used diagonally. The neatly-waisted jacket has leather buttons which match a brown leather belt on the dress. Price £19 for both garments. Details of where these clothes can be obtained will be sent on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.



Poise

ESSENTIAL factors of poise can be summarised under two headings—Physical and Mental Deportment.

Physical grace, which is a harmonious movement of lines giving the impression of well-controlled force, depends primarily upon posture, and for this reason first lessons in deportment for actresses and mannequins are devoted to the art of standing and walking well.

Slimness may pass with youth, but a good carriage is ageless. When the body has been schooled to hold itself well, the outline of the figure automatically improves. One of the most regal women I know is on the wrong side of fifty with a waistline to challenge a yard measure.

The most prevalent enemy of good posture is the hump at the back of the neck, variously called "Dowager's Hump" or merely round shoulders. There are many reasons for this stoop. Self-consciousness, work which entails much stooping, shortsightedness, years of careless standing and walking are contributory causes.

Another common defect is the "sway back," which imparts an exaggerated curve-in to the waist and curve-out to the posterior.

To correct both these defects follow the routine of a Posture Specialist. This consists of one exercise which aims at suppling the pelvis (the basin-shaped bone structure of the hips).

Stand erect before a table with feet together and legs stiff. Bend slightly forward from the hips and place the hands, palms down, on the table (illustration No. 2). Swing the pelvis backward as far as possible and then

forward as far as possible, confining movement between the waist and knees. If you are doing this correctly you should feel the muscles straining at the back of the knees with each swing. Breathe normally as you do the exercise. Do this every day until the swing becomes smooth and rhythmic.

And now to assume the perfect posture.

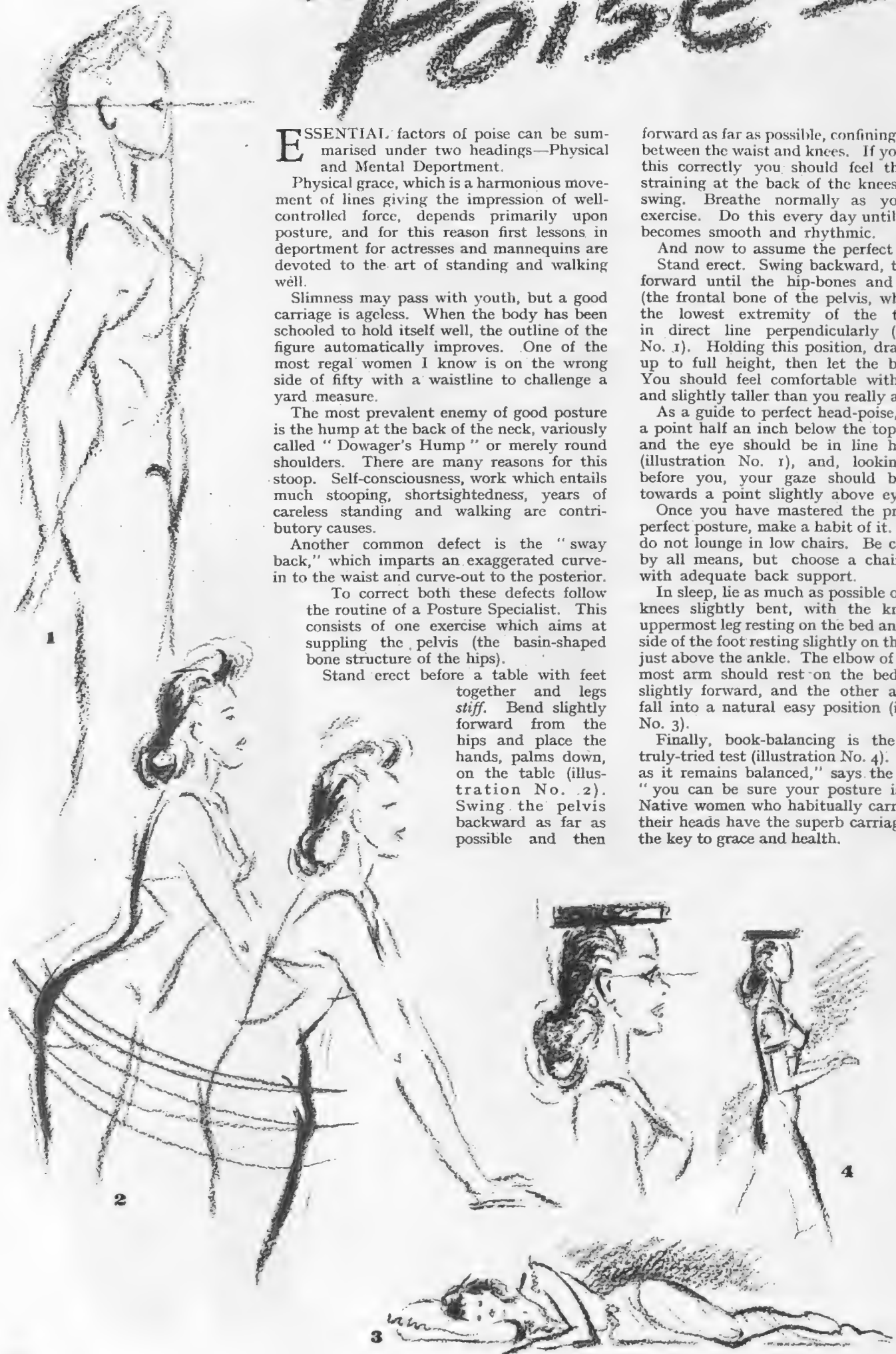
Stand erect. Swing backward, then slowly forward until the hip-bones and the pubis (the frontal bone of the pelvis, which marks the lowest extremity of the trunk) are in direct line perpendicularly (illustration No. 1). Holding this position, draw yourself up to full height, then let the body relax. You should feel comfortable without strain and slightly taller than you really are.

As a guide to perfect head-poise, in profile, a point half an inch below the top of the ear and the eye should be in line horizontally (illustration No. 1), and, looking straight before you, your gaze should be directed towards a point slightly above eye-level.

Once you have mastered the principles of perfect posture, make a habit of it. In sitting, do not lounge in low chairs. Be comfortable by all means, but choose a chair semi-soft with adequate back support.

In sleep, lie as much as possible on one side, knees slightly bent, with the knee of the uppermost leg resting on the bed and the inner side of the foot resting slightly on the lower leg just above the ankle. The elbow of the uppermost arm should rest on the bed, shoulder slightly forward, and the other arm left to fall into a natural easy position (illustration No. 3).

Finally, book-balancing is the well-and-truly-tried test (illustration No. 4). "As long as it remains balanced," says the Specialist, "you can be sure your posture is perfect." Native women who habitually carry loads on their heads have the superb carriage which is the key to grace and health.



Poise is a quality immediately recognised and as much commended as beauty, perhaps even more important. We tend to regard it as a gift of the gods, whereas, though poise may be a gift, it is also a science.

WHEN the principles of physical poise have been mastered it is time to study the same control of the mind.

Remember that poise consists of a feeling of harmony and ease in every limb, and mentally a calm self-confidence. Learn to use only those muscles that are necessary for the activity on hand and to relax the rest of the body as much as possible. If you are knitting or darning it is only the hands and wrists that need be active—avoid unnecessary fidgeting and fussing.

Learn to enjoy movement and to move with ease and self-forgetfulness. After a while you will discover that movement is a pleasant activity in itself, and you will become less conscious of your limbs as obstacles that refuse to obey you.

By now you should have a more complete sense of relaxation coupled with a greater freedom and enjoyment of movement, and will find yourself more at ease when meeting strangers or when entering a crowded room.

It is psychologically important that one's clothes, however few, should impart a feeling of assurance and well-being.

Enjoy the *feel* of your clothes, their texture and colour. Nothing destroys a sense of poise so thoroughly as the feeling that one is not looking one's best. Never permit fashion to lure you into styles that are not really "you." Study your type and dress to it. This is a most important stimulant to confidence.

Height and build have really nothing to do with poise. A small woman can be as dignified and poised as a tall one; a stout woman as commanding as a slender one. In the effort to hide real or imaginary defects one only succeeds in appearing awkward. If you have large hands, learn to use them

well and expressively without embarrassment. If you are tall, carry yourself as though you are proud of your height; if short, as though unaware of your lack of inches.

When entering a room full of people, try to forget yourself and your body by concentrating on what is going on around you. Resist the impulse to fidget. Resist it constantly and with determination. If your hands seem to get in the way, let them be completely idle and relaxed. By studying women who have acquired poise, you will learn that the secret lies in the capacity for *stillness* without *tension*, that they move with a gentle authority coupled with grace. The secret of this is relaxation

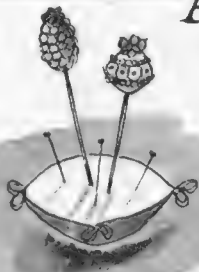
and control which brings the mind and body into harmony.

Outwardly, poise is impossible if the mind is in a turmoil. Few of us have both beauty and distinction of features and figure, but by practice and study of the simple rules of deportment every woman can acquire that distinction and authority which comes from perfect self-command.

Below: Joy Ricardo, brilliant designer of clothes for English film-stars, says: "A woman's greatest asset is poise; with it a home-made dress can achieve a couturier's elegance, without it a designer's efforts are useless."



Accessories Ring The Changes

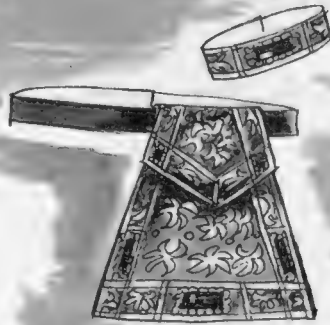


In these days of basic simplicity in dress, accessories are as vital as a personal signature and ring the changes with a welcome note of variation on an old theme.



Real-flower trimmings for a basic hat. A London florist creates these to order to match your outfit and the newest lipstick shades. A cornflower and carnation wreath, designed to wear with Gala's Heavenly Pink lipstick. (Above.) Decorative hatpins in gilt and bead embroidery.

To wear with a simple black dress. A black suede belt with a detachable pocket heavily embroidered in gold thread and mixed jewels. Embroidered bracelet to match. Artificial flowers made up to match any given ensemble.



Choker pearls worn with a gilt and pearl ornament at neck and wrist. The ornament is attached separately to the pearl necklet.



(Left, above.) Belt and cuffs in finest horsehair bound with gold braid. (Below.) A sequin-trimmed head-dress and bag for evening. Accessories from Paris House.



MONMOUTH, the rebel Duke, love-child of Charles II and Lucy Walters, was born under a dark star in Holland. His amours at Court, his marriage to the rich heiress of the Earl of Buccleuch, his victory over the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge were only compensating interludes. From the moment that James, Duke of York, prevailed on the King to deny Monmouth's legitimacy and virtually banish him abroad, Sedgemoor and the execution block were inevitable. Miss Elizabeth d'Oyley has novelized his life—and the love affairs with Eleanor Needham and Henrietta Wentworth—admirably in "Young Jemmy" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.).

Another firebrand of the period was John Graham, the "bloody Claverhouse" honoured by James of Scotland for his ruthless campaign against the Covenanters, and made Viscount Dundee. Mr. Halbert J. Boyd's "Honour is All" (MacDonald, 9s. 6d.), flouts the historians by giving a boldly sympathetic account of him, notably in his conquest of Jean Cochrane, whose family professed Covenant principles. A stirring story of Highland romance and adventure when Scotland was seething with Jacobite intrigue.



Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

MR. BERNARD WICKSTEED is the *Daily Express* man who emerges on Saturdays to tell us the Facts of Life, sometimes with Mr. Pincher, nature's knowall, and always with humour. A visit to the Zoo, for example, will disclose that while sea lions like classical music more than jazz, the rhino likes neither and charges straight at the band whatever they play; and it is nicely rounded off by the story of the two lions having a meal in the bush. When they'd finished they sat back licking their chops and one said to the other: "The time is now 6.15 and that is the end of the gnus." Mr. Osbert Lancaster illustrates a happy collection, "It's Fun Finding Out" (*Daily Express*, 5s.), which deserves to sell in millions. We have to take Editor Christian-sen's word for it that Chapman Pincher exists and is, indeed, his science correspondent, though I should have thought it impossible for any man to have such an erudite gift of the gab and not bust.

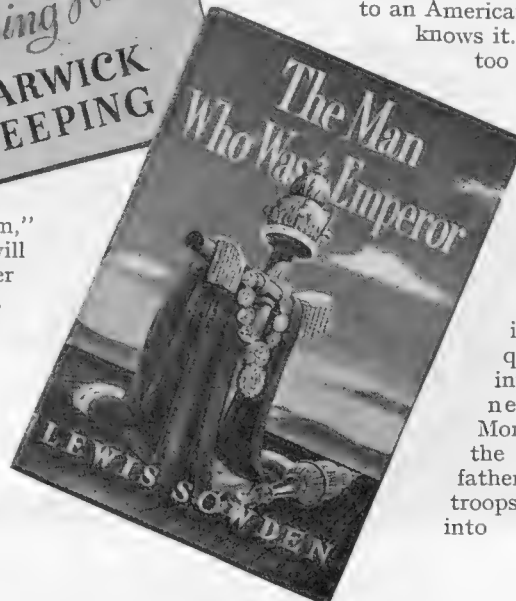
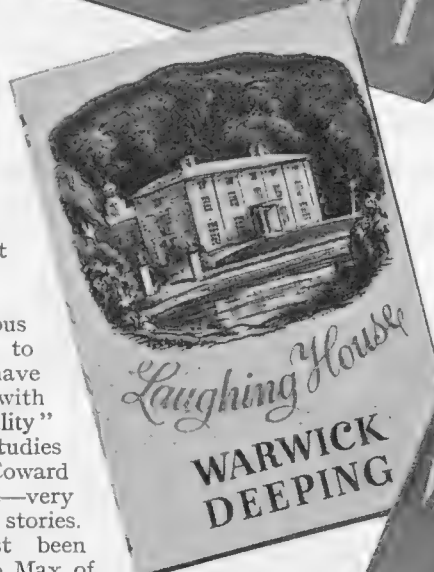
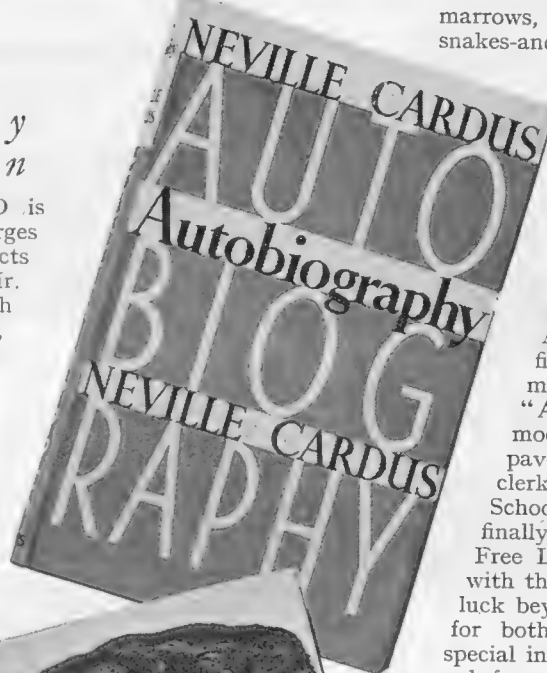
WHEN an author writes on famous contemporaries it is interesting to check up on those you happen to have met yourself. I have done this with Mr. Collie Knox's "People of Quality" (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.), and find his studies good, some—on Lord Lloyd, Noel Coward and Sir Max Beerbohm, for example—very good. The Max chapter has the best stories. When his actor-brother had just been knighted a gushing woman spoke to Max of "Mr. Tree—or should I say 'Sir Herbert'?" "Madam," said Max, "in the mind of the great British Public he will always remain 'Mr. Tree.' But in the eyes of his Maker he has always been 'Sir Herbert.'" Actor John Drew, who had shaved off his moustache to play a new part, didn't recognise Max immediately when they met in Pall Mall. "Ah," purred Max, "I am afraid you do not recognize me without your moustache." The twenty-one subjects—which include also Herbert Morrison, Ian Hay, Sid Field, Sir Alfred Munnings—may not convince the "young and ambitious" that it is "safer, and far more comfortable not to become a 'Name,'" for we all want to be a "Name" at something if it is only

marrows, church bazaars, darts, shove-a'penny, or snakes-and-ladders. . . .

WHEN that admirable cricket writer, Mr. Neville Cardus, was *Manchester Guardian* music critic he dined with the Hallé Concerts chairman, who wished to placate his pen on a point of musical policy. Smoking his cigars, drinking his *Liebfräulein*, Cardus couldn't resist thinking: "What a world! I have delivered his washing. My grandmother ironed his dress shirts. . . . And here I am and here is he—and he is filling up my glass again, trying to make me see reason." That epitomizes his "Autobiography" (Collins, 12s. 6d.), the modest story of slum-boy-makes-good *via* pavement artist at ten, newsboy, insurance clerk, assistant cricket "pro" at Shrewsbury School, secretary to its head, Dr. Alington, and finally journalist. His slum, he says, boasted a Free Library and a rubbish-tip cricket pitch; with these he was "obviously blessed with good luck beyond the lot of most boys rich or poor," for both sign-posted his future. A "life" of special interest to cricket fans and music-lovers—and for all who savour chronicles of wise, sane, expansive living.

OUR cracked old world may groan and grumble under its war hangover, and the atom bomb cloud the political horizon, but Eros reigns again in the Circus, love is still the chief theme of the modern novel. In Mr. Paul Gallico's "The Lonely" (Michael Joseph, 6s.) it impels a rich young U.S. bomber pilot to share his leave with a charming W.A.A.F. even though he is already engaged to an American girl, and Patrice Greame knows it. How the new tie proves too strong for the old is a story told with touching simplicity and sensitive beauty.

THE lovers in Mr. Warwick Deeping's "Laughing House" (Cassell, 7s. 6d.) are an Army officer, and Wren officer who find their future in converting a blitzed, requisitioned Surrey mansion into a country hotel for people needing rest. Sir John Mortimer, the owner, had seen the home built by his grandfather knocked about by careless troops, and the orangery turned into (Continued on page 64)





Thatched Congregational Meeting House—the oldest in England—
at Horningsham, Wilts

THATCHED ROOFS

By J. D. U. Ward

"THATCH helps the countryside to be in keeping with itself." Thus one thatcher summed up the aesthetic appeal of thatch; and the chief objection to thatch—that it is inflammable—was met by another experienced thatcher with the statement, "In all my life I have never known a thatched roof catch fire from outside." As a matter of fact, there now exists an excellent fireproofing solution, which can be used where local bye-laws insist, but in the countryside it is little employed because thatchers regard the fire hazard as very slight.

The utility of thatch as a house-roofing has been recognized by the Government; and the Ministries of Agriculture and of Labour have recently worked out a scheme for training more thatchers: allowances are to be paid to the men in training, and at a later stage the master (Continued on page 64)



Quaker Meeting House at Come-
to-Good, near Truro



In harmony with the countryside. A patched thatched
cottage at Wytham, near Oxford



A Dickensian inn—the "Waggon and Horses"—at
Beckhampton, Wilts

(On left) Thatching the newly made dormers of a barn
converted into a house



In Search of Glamour...

NOW that the *Queen Mary*, the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Mauretania* are back on the Atlantic run in their peacetime paint, we are bound to get many more American visitors over here. I think it is safe to say that the Americans will find a great deal to please them. The English countryside is unchanged; apart from Coventry and London our show towns are as good as ever and London is brightening up every day. Buildings are being re-conditioned, houses are being painted, blitzed sites converted into gardens or car parks, and shops have things to sell which the Americans like to buy. Most Americans are forewarned about food and come forearmed with food packages. It is not the quantity of the food which shocks them, it is the quality.

Jane Gordon



include face and back massage for a guinea; cocktail treatment, 15s. 6d.; cleansing and make-up, 10s. 6d.; body massage from a guinea; mud treatment; magnesia treatment; tonic masks—all with massage. There is also muscle toning, manicure and hand massage.

I am told that London is the most expensive place in the world for beauty treatment, but here you certainly get plenty of service for money rendered.

IT is nice to know that the herb beauty preparations are available once again. I spent a very pleasant afternoon at a Herb Farm Shop examining the various creams and lotions, as well as the famous potpourri, lavender stalks and clove-scented moth cones for use in cupboards.

The moths have been a confounded nuisance. In our house they have even survived concentrated attacks with D.D.T. powder. These cones, impregnated with oil, of which clove is the predominating scent cost 4s. 2d., 5s. 10d. or 12s. 6d., according to their size, and I am told that they really do discourage the plaguey little creatures. Lavender stalks for your linen cupboards are 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. and personally, I like the scent of the stalks far better than the lavender bags. Potpourri sachets for underclothes are priced from 5s. 10d. You can find good soap here, one called

Lady Anne Rose, 2s. 1d. for the bath size and 1s. 4d. a hand tablet; another called Bouquet—bath size only; and a bath-size Gardenia, price 2s. 6d.

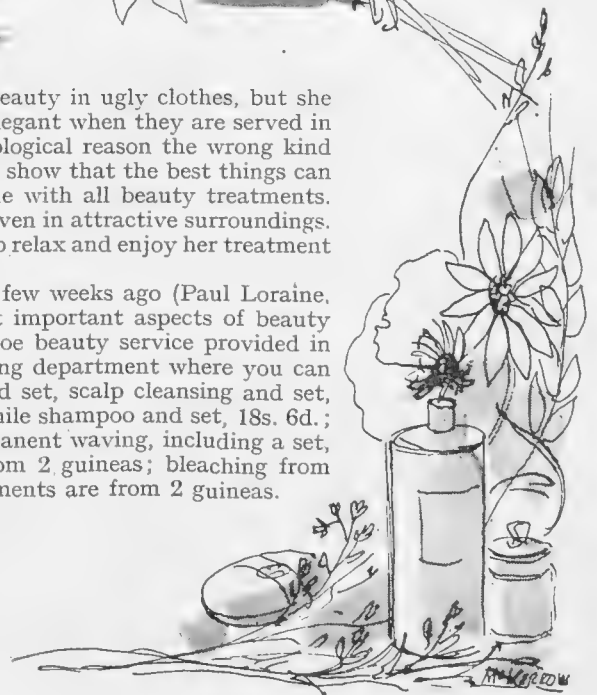
The beauty preparations include some nice cleansing lotions—one called Rose Petal for 10s., and another called Marigold and Meadowsweet Balm, which can be used as a cleansing

(Continued on page 66)

A BEAUTIFUL woman should be able to retain her beauty in ugly clothes, but she very seldom does. Fine wines should taste just as elegant when they are served in coarse, cheap tumblers, but for some strange psychological reason the wrong kind of glass will spoil even a perfect wine—which goes to show that the best things can be spoiled by the wrong surroundings. This is especially true with all beauty treatments. A facial or body treatment will be far more beneficial if it is given in attractive surroundings. I suppose the reason for this is that the client is more inclined to relax and enjoy her treatment in luxurious surroundings and so she benefits accordingly.

The newest beauty parlour which opened in Park Lane a few weeks ago (Paul Loraine, 68 Park Lane) has dealt most efficiently with the two most important aspects of beauty treatments—first, the surroundings and secondly, a top to toe beauty service provided in one establishment. On the ground floor there is a hairdressing department where you can get a soapless shampoo and set, 15s. 6d.; foam shampoo and set, scalp cleansing and set, brightening shampoo and set, a guinea each; henna or camomile shampoo and set, 18s. 6d.; various frictions and rinses 7s. 6d.; set 10s. 6d. The oil permanent waving, including a set, and the machineless waving are from 5 guineas; tinting from 2 guineas; bleaching from 1 guinea; and sun glints 10s. 6d. Their various scalp treatments are from 2 guineas.

The basement is divided into numbers of cubicles where you can get body massage, infra-red cabinet, radiant heat blanket, radiant heat cradle, Alpine sun treatment, slimming appliance, muscle toning appliance, all kinds of baths including pine, foam, seaweed, sulphur, slimming—each including aeration. All these treatments are given by trained nurses and physiotherapists. You can also get chiropody for 7s. 6d. a foot and pedicure for 6s. 6d.; treatment for bunions, soft corns, ingrowing toe-nails, verrucae, ankle slimming, infra-red, radiant heat, foot and leg massage. The beauty treatments





Be Your Own Beauty Specialist

I WONDER how many women have had a professional beauty treatment since the beginning of the war? That was eight years ago and time enough for complexion tints and facial contours to change quite perceptibly. You may think that the reflection in the mirror is the same familiar one from day to day, but that is only because it is familiar.

That is at least one excellent reason for having an occasional beauty treatment. An equally important reason is that a professional once-over will start you off on the right foot to being your own beauty specialist.

At a Bond Street salon you can have a treatment and make-up lesson for 20s. Apart from what you will learn at the lesson about beauty treatment at home, it will be thoroughly restful, to lie back, feet up and a pillow strategically placed under the knees to give the correct posture for complete relaxation.

Thoroughly relaxed, you can confidently place yourself in the hands of the expert. The first step is cleansing of the skin of face and neck with a lubricating cream. Next the excess is removed with skin tonic and a skin food applied to nourish the skin. Then comes a soothing massage to tone the muscles and stimulate the circulation. Finally a cotton wool mask, soaked in skin tonic is placed on the face and throat, and eye-pads soaked in eye lotion are placed on the closed lids.

You will be surprised at the clearer and finer appearance of the skin after this treatment. Regular treatments at home will keep it in this condition. If you are a busy woman—who isn't now?—these home treatments will mean that you must plan

your activities so that you have at least one hour a week to devote to them. The busier you are the more necessary it is to keep one step ahead of the depredations which fatigue works upon appearances.

Base your home beauty treatment on the same principles as those used in the salon. They come down to three simple basic rules of cleansing, feeding and stimulating. There is no need to have a great variety of preparations, a good cleanser, a skin food and a skin tonic will be quite sufficient.

Recapture as much of the restful salon atmosphere as you can by seating yourself comfortably in front of your mirror with cotton wool, an eye lotion if you have one, a good cleanser, skin tonic and skin food, ready to hand. In this way you will get the physical relaxation which is such an important factor for the success of the treatment.

Follow the salon operators' steps one by one, first the cleansing followed by the skin food massage. I know where you can have a lesson in the basic principles of facial massage for 8s. 6d. Then cover the face with strips of cotton wool soaked in skin tonic, leaving the mouth and eyes free. Close your eyes and put pads of cotton wool soaked in eye lotion on the closed lids. While you are waiting for the skin tonic to do its good work of toning the skin and tightening the pores, relax completely for as long as you can. If you would like to know further about the treatments I have mentioned, write to me for the name and address of the salon. Or if you cannot get to town, write me a description of your skin type and I will tell you the names of the most suitable preparations for your use and how to apply them in a professional way. Please enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for your reply.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of the exercises or preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1

Can't Get To Sleep

RELAXING is a difficult business these days. *Nerves and muscles are taut and disinclined to "let up." Sleeplessness is frequently the result of this inability to relax at will, and we rush to sedatives, often quite unnecessarily.*

If you find it difficult to get off to sleep at night try relaxing gradually before you get to bed. If possible avoid physical and mental activity for a time before you retire. Drop everything you are doing and let the machinery run slowly down. Sit quietly and make a continuous effort to let your muscles and your brain go "loose."

A bath will help with the process of relaxation. Not a very hot one—just a comfortable temperature. Tautness is relieved and tense muscles are loosened.

Add to the pleasure and relaxation of your bath with a good scented bath essence. A new one has lately been put on the market by a well-known maker. A few drops fill the bathroom with perfume and incidentally does not leave an oily film on the bath. A tiny bottle costs half a crown and is sufficient for six baths. There are four different perfumes either of which will send you to bed with a clinging sweetness to add to your sense of well-being.

How Well Do You Want To Be?

EVERY woman's aim is perfect health yet most of us are prepared to wait upon Nature's bounty to get it. Some lucky people are born with an unflinching fund of health and vitality, others have to cultivate it. In a busy and mentally exhausting life, how is this done?

The truth is that the basic rules of good health are so simple and so familiar that we are apt to disdain them. The axiom that fresh air, outdoor exercise, abundant sleep, and a balanced diet lays the foundation of health, is neither new nor very dramatic, but it happens to be a true one.

As a very busy woman you feel, perhaps, that you simply do not have the time to fuss with a health routine. Just the same, since good health is the basis of success and well-being, not to mention good looks, one can hardly afford to neglect it.

Neglected minor ailments are frequently at the root of that off-colour condition from which so many of us suffer. Rheu-



Walking is not a costly health treatment but it is as effective as many that cost more. Kathryn Regan, the Irish film star, typifies the vitality and good looks of a woman who spends much of her life outdoors



A steadily maintained weight is an indication that all is well with your health. Sustained gains or losses call for action

matic pains, recurring indigestion, complexion troubles, sleeplessness are not serious in themselves, but if they are allowed to go on indefinitely, they sometimes lead to more serious things.

Take some constructive measures about your minor complaints. Go to a doctor for a check-up. See a dentist about your teeth. Having taken advice, act upon it and synchronize the treatment prescribed with a regular health routine.

Fresh air is a first essential. If you are too busy to take regular walks, deep breathing for two or three minutes before an open window in the morning cleanses the blood and acts as a defence against infection.

Sleep is more essential than ever in these days of mental stress. If you are habitually late to bed you may find it difficult at first to go earlier to bed and to sleep. If you persevere with earlier nights for a while, you will find yourself sleeping more easily and with spectacular results.

The food we are getting is unjustly blamed for a good many health defects which, in fact, can often more reasonably be put upon the manner in which we take our food.

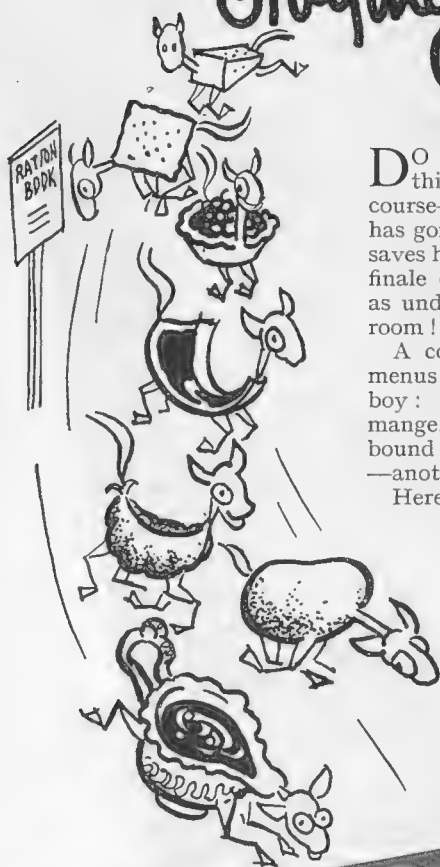
Irregular meals are fatal to good health and too often a cup of tea and a cigarette takes the place of something more sustaining.

Diets to-day tend to be overloaded with starch, so, get as much exercise as you can to counterbalance the effect. Drink water abundantly between meals and in the warmer weather, substitute salads and fruit for bread and fried foods whenever possible. The amount of food you eat is less important than that the food eaten should be properly digested.

Take precautions against colds and the milder infections which lower the body's resistance and leave the way open to more serious things. Deep breathing will help to keep infection at bay. During the winter an occasional gargle with a good mild antiseptic—Dettol for example—will raise the barriers against germs which attack through the nose and throat.

Weight is perhaps the soundest indication of the state of your health. Weigh yourself occasionally and if there is any sustained tendency to loss of weight or too much gaining, regard it as a hint to take action.

Staying The MEAL time Course



DO women say to you: "Oh, I never plan my meals ahead—we think far too much about food these days anyway!" Quite true, of course—a new book pales in interest beside the news that a Points value has gone down! All the same to plan the week's main dishes not only saves hours of thinking through the week but also avoids an unbalanced finale of fish three days running when the meat has gone—logically as undesirable as having all your chairs or flowers at one end of the room!

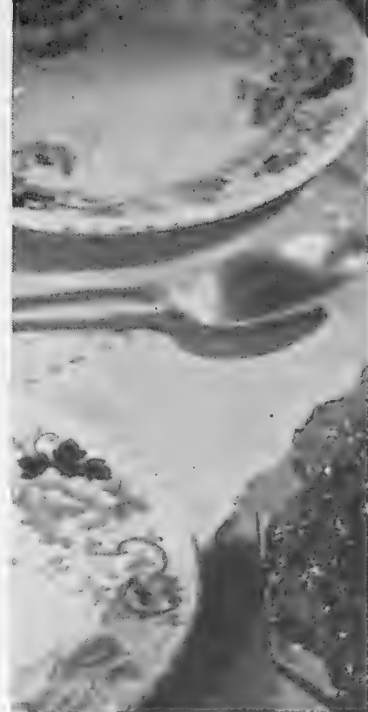
A cook must always avoid the temptation of the cut and dried menus; otherwise our families will wail, like the disgruntled school-boy: "I can't face life on Mondays—English grammar and blanc-mange." Fortunately there is little fear at present of becoming hide-bound for we never know from day to day what the shops will provide—another good reason for having a working plan for meal-making.

Here is the rough outline on which I try to plan my food week:

Sunday and Monday: The joint for dinner with light suppers of cheese or egg dishes or vegetable curry.

Tuesday: Unless it is hot or thundery I leave the meat remains and cook fish and a solid pudding for the main meal and provide a vegetable soup and sausages for supper.

Wednesday: We have a made-up dish, using the left-over meat for lunch and a light supper. I usually plan to have the oven on this day and make one or two pastry cases, ready to fill later in the week, and enough fruit or syrup scones to last for



By
Harriet Muir

HARLEQUIN PYRAMID (For 6 people)

Ingredients: 1 lb. damsons, 1 lb. apples or pears, sugar to sweeten; about 2 ozs. for damsons, 1 oz. for apples. 1 packet greengage jelly, American breakfast biscuits, Mock cream.

Method: Make three American biscuits (see following recipe), of varying sizes. Roll out mixture to about $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. thick. Cut one round to fit 7-in. greased sandwich tin; the next to fit a 5-in. greased tin and the third the size of a large scone—about 3 in. Bake in a quick oven (Regulo 7) for about 20 minutes. Meanwhile cook fruit gently but not long enough to lose shape, keeping damsons separate from apples.

Choose a sweet fruit like apple or pear for your contrasting colour as it helps to detract from the acidity of the damsons. When cooked put to drain on sieve or plate without juice. Make the jelly according to directions on packet and when nearly set break-up with a fork and pour into a glass dish. Make mock cream and divide into three portions. Colour one pink, one green and leave one white. Split the two large scones and fill them both with damsons and a few blobs of green cream amongst them at the edge—put on the other halves top side down. Place largest scone on jelly in dish and layer apple and pink (Continued on page 66)



two days—as the previous week-end's cake at this point is finished.

Thursday and Friday: I return to fish and with the pastry cases in mind, order enough to make a fish flan for supper on one of these days. If you are fortunate in your district, you may get offal or a little meat mid-week which will provide Thursday's main meal and a make-up meal on Saturday. Personally I often have to resort to a tin of corned beef at this point.

If my main meal is vegetarian I often balance it with a meat soup, cutting out pudding; alternatively, if we have had a meat dish for the main meal, a vegetable soup with grated cheese makes an excellent supper with something sweet to follow.

I have long since ceased to make a large pudding for two days as I found, whatever its size, most of it was devoured at a sitting! Instead, to avoid eternal cooking is to plan two-purpose puddings. For instance, with a fruit sponge pudding I make double the quantity of sponge

mixture; this gives me enough for Friday's lunch, Saturday's tea and a trifle for Sunday supper. Then when I make a suet crust for a pudding I partially boil a few dumplings from the same mixture. These can be warmed up in meat stock next day and served with a made-up dish. This thinking ahead prevents my having repeatedly to re-make a mixture I could perfectly well have made in a larger quantity the first time.

Mid-week Dishes



Harlequin Pyramid

BY mid-week what housewife enters her larder without trepidation? At the week-end we all splash a little; husbands, families and friends are all round. Then comes the consequent famine!

This week, on Thursday morning I reviewed my scraps—about a dozen little squares of unused meat, about 2 oz. of spare fat, dried egg getting very low—with three of us to feed for the day. The outcome was the following menu, which I hope may help you out of a similar difficulty.

Luncheon.—Meat and onion toad-in-the-hole; chocolate princess pudding (economical variety of queen's pudding).

Tea.—Iced Buns.

Supper.—Curried fish.



Iced Buns

MEAT & ONION TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE (For 4 people)

Ingredients: 1 large onion sliced finely and fried until golden; about a breakfastcupful of cooked meat cut in small squares; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint Yorkshire pudding batter made with one reconstituted egg, pinch of salt, 4 oz. flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk and water mixed. It is better to stand the batter a little while before using.

Method: Melt about 1 oz. of dripping in a baking tin and when boiling pour in batter. Scatter in meat and onion and bake in good oven (Regulo 6 or 400° F.) for half an hour. If getting too brown lower gas after the first 15 minutes.

CHOCOLATE PRINCESS PUDDING (Enough for 4)

This is a variation of chocolate queen pudding, but as a princess should have less to squander than a queen, I call this economical version princess pudding.

Ingredients: 6 oz. breadcrumbs, 4 oz. sugar, 1 pint of custard made with custard powder, 2 tablespoonsful cocoa and a pint of milk and water mixed.

Method: Soak crumbs in about 3 tablespoonsful of milk. Mix custard powder and cocoa with a little milk and water (taken from the pint) into a smooth paste. Boil remainder of milk with sugar and pour on to paste. Stir till free from lumps. Return to pan and cook until it thickens, stirring all the time. Pour on to crumbs and mix in well. Pour into well-greased soufflé dish and cook gently for half an hour (Regulo 3).

Though simple it appeals to children: My two-year-old always does it the honour of asking for three or four helpings.

CURRIED FISH (For 4 people)

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dripping, 2 oz. sultanas, 1 cooking apple, 2 tomatoes, 1 onion, cooked fish—about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., heaped teaspoonful curry powder, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint fish stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, dessertspoonful chutney, 1 heaped dessertspoonful flour.

Method: Peel and slice onion very finely and fry until light golden brown. (3 or 4 minutes). Chop apple and tomatoes and add to onion together with sultanas, chutney, curry powder and flour. Pour on stock and milk, well seasoned. Bring to boil and simmer slowly about 20 minutes. Serve very (Continued on page 66)

Sponge Without Eggs

It is often said that a good sponge cannot be made with dried egg. Here is a method to disprove this. The secrets are, plenty of beating, nearly double the usual amount of baking powder and *slow* cooking. Above all, don't put more flour than the recipe says in the hope of getting a larger cake—you will only get a heavier one. If more liquid is required, add warm water, *not* milk.

Sponge Mixture OR SWISS ROLL

2 eggs reconstituted; 2 small teaspoonsful baking powder; 3 oz. flour; 3 oz. sugar; 1 tablespoonful warm water.

Method: Beat eggs for 5 minutes. Add baking powder and beat again. Beat in sugar. Stir in flour gently. Add tablespoonful warm water. Pour into tin not more than half full. When baked leave until nearly cold before turning out of tin. Bake at Regulo 3, middle of oven, about 1 hour; Swiss roll at Regulo 6, about 10 minutes.



WE hear so much about the value of play in education that the scarcity and high cost of good toys may seem to present a very serious problem to parents. In actual practice, the present shortage is not nearly so serious as it appears.

For one thing, grown-ups are far more critical than children. To the child, the essential thing is that a toy should be something to play with. How often is the favourite toy, not the beautifully dressed doll with human hair, but the battered old teddy that is involved in all sorts of accidents, taken to bed, buried with due ceremony, resurrected, bathed and taken to bed again?

Childhood is the age of fantasy and children use their toys in building up their world of fantasy. From this point of view, realistic toys are more of a hindrance than a help. The really important thing is to provide the child with playthings which are suited to his stage of development.

The toddler from about two to five is bent on experimenting

with everything he can lay his hands on. He will play for hours with mud or sand and water. All he requires for this sort of play is something to shovel with and a vessel to hold the mud or sand. Old tin cans and a flat piece of wood will make him just as happy as the most beautiful spade and bucket in the world and a bath of water with a few crude boats (which father can very easily make) can be pure heaven in a back garden.

BUILDING is another favourite amusement at this age. Large bricks, gaily painted, which daddy can make from scraps from a timber yard or joiner's workshop are invariably much better than the skimpy little sets which can be bought for high prices in the shops. The more elaborate mechanical constructional toys will not be in demand before the age of eight or nine.

When children reach school age their chief play activities comes from imitating grown-ups. They will play weddings and funerals, schools and shipwrecks. Little girls go through all the activities of home keeping and little boys masquerade as detectives, plumbers and air aces. Their imagination is so lively that very little in the way of old clothes, suitcases and handbags is necessary to create the illusion of reality in this continuous game of "Let's pretend." At this stage too, there are the first signs of social play with the demand for kites, balls, bats, etc. necessary to games of skill. Balls are now fairly easy to get and other equipment can be very often made or acquired from older children who have grown out of them.

Paints and crayons are a source of joy to children of all ages. Except for the exceptionally artistic child who will take pride in the possession of tubes and pans of paint, powder colours are best because they can be mixed as required and kept in large pots. The toddler will be perfectly happy painting splashy messes on a big sheet of kitchen paper or, if it comes to that, old newspaper which to him, remember, is only white paper with little black marks on it. Paste and paper, though messy, is almost as popular with the four-year-olds upwards.

IN fact, games which to the grown-up appear intolerably messy are vital to the child's natural development. But that needn't spell ruin for the entire house and garden. Set aside a place however small, even a portion of the garden, in which the rules of tidiness need not apply. In this way, children can learn to respect other people's property without having to restrict their own natural high spirits.

Grown-ups too often apply their own standards to children's games, expecting them to play as we think they should rather than in the way they like best themselves. Play is a means of self-expression and, for this reason, children should be free to devise their play, within reason, for themselves. At the same time this is no reason for turning all games into lessons. Painting books need not be reading primers in disguise. The child will have quite enough on his hands in mastering the use of the brush and the colours, so leave him alone to enjoy the game and to experiment in his own way.

If he is not good at amusing himself, give him a start and provide him with the implements with which to work out his own game. Afterwards leave him alone. The ability to amuse himself is one which will not lessen as the years go by.

"Blowing bubbles" needs only simple equipment, but as a game of skill it will provide hours of amusement for the over-fives

Child's Play

Play as a vital part of the child's normal development considered in relation to the present shortage of good toys

By A Child Psychologist





IT'S NEVER TOO SOON TO

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DOLCIS SHOPS IN EVERY LARGE TOWN

knows, Hugo thought! He's trying to see where the stuff landed! . . . And then he thought he was going to sneeze himself.

Harry Bent took so long with his leisured scanning of the countryside that Hugo was further delayed and worrying whether he would finish before young Jessie arrived from the village. He had already decided to keep the stuff under his bed in the square tuck-box which he had used at school, and nine of the bottles had already been safely carried to his room. He was just carrying in the last two, cradled like twins in his arms, when he met Jessie, who had arrived and was already at work on the hall floor.

He thought he got his hands behind his back in time, but he was not quite sure; and Jessie certainly looked at him very curiously as he went up the staircase crabwise with his back to the wall. A further shock awaited him when he had got into his room and locked the door. Including the one he had opened, there were only eleven bottles in the tuck-box. No one had ever heard of a case of eleven bottles of whisky! And yet there were only eleven, and no sign of one having been broken. Could someone have come into the garden during the night and taken one? And if so, whose side would he be on? Hugo could almost feel the handcuffs already on his noble wrists.

HUGO thought of many things during the day; but the one thing he did not think of was of handing over the whisky to the proper authorities. He was wondering instead whether as a peer he could be tried at the petty sessions or whether the case would have to go to the House of Lords. Although a magistrate, he was not really very well versed in the law. It did occur to him, however, that the more quickly he consumed the whisky, the less evidence there would be against him, and that thought pleased him rather than otherwise.

The day, however, did bring home to him the fact that there were anxious moments in a life of crime. First of all there was Sam Brooks leaning on his spade and asking him over a hedge if he had heard anything during the night. When he said, no, Sam Brooks informed him darkly that they do say there be some strange goings on around here.

Later in the day Harry Bent was more explicit. He dismounted from his bicycle beside Hugo as the latter was leaving the post office and walked with him through the village. Hugo found that the presence of a policeman at his side now gave him a prickly sensation which he had never experienced before.

"Nice bit of rain in the night, me lord," said Harry Bent.

Hugo remembered it dripping off his deer-stalker hat and agreed that it had been nice.

"Other things, too, so we have reason to believe!" Harry Bent went on. "Hear anything yourself, me lord?"

"No," said Hugo.

"That's funny! It must have passed right over your house."

"What passed?" asked Hugo with a gulp.

"Why the fly-by-night! That's how they do it now, me lord. Don't run it into Smuggler's Cove as they used to. It's aeroplanes."

Hugo looked as startled as he could.

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "that they've started rum-running again? By aeroplane?"

"Rum my foot, me lord!" answered Harry Bent. "Rum's only two quid a bottle. This is the real Mackay. At five quid!" Then he ended as he clambered heavily on to his bicycle. "But don't you worry, me lord. We'll get 'em before you know where you are."

Hugo felt thirsty after this conversation and went into the local for a pint. There, not only did the landlord keep whispering about the goings on, but even the bowler-hatted townspeople kept talking about it loudly at a table nearby. Everyone seemed to know; and finally on the way home, the red-faced colonel, who was a fellow J.P., fell into step beside him.

"Morning, Hugo!" said the colonel. "Heard if they've made any arrest yet?"

Hugo said that he had not.

"Well, they will!" said the colonel confidently. "And when they come up in court, it's the people that receive the stuff that we've got to lam it into. Damned fellows! I haven't had a bottle for six weeks."

Hugo spent the afternoon gardening. When he had finished gardening, the rubber wrapping had been buried two foot deeper than it had been before and there was a nice new bed of early chrysanthemums on the top of it. But even so he still felt uneasy. It was not so much the talk in the village that troubled him now; it was still the same thing that had troubled him at first: namely, the fact that there were only eleven bottles. The more he thought of that, the less he liked it.

THREE days later, when the second bottle of whisky had been uncorked, Hugo took a walk across the fields to the ridge which looked down on the sands and rocks of Smuggler's Cove. It was a good four miles; and when he got there he sat on his favourite gate with his back to the road, sucking his pipe and admiring the view over the coast which he had known and loved all his life.

He did not turn his head when a car drew up behind him; but presently there was a voice which he recognized.

"Nice evening, me lord, sir."

Hugo turned round. He had known at once, although he had not seen him for six months, that it was Will Snaid, Jessie's old reprobate of an uncle. For one thing Will always addressed any gentleman as "me lord, sir" whether he was a lord or not; and for another Hugo had known him and his wily weather-beaten face for a very long time. For Will had been the most inveterate and successful poacher in the neighbourhood. This had not prevented him coming up before the Bench about once a year, and getting a talking to and a light sentence. The sentence was light because everyone liked the old rascal, and Hugo had never actually sent him to prison himself. That was because it was always Hugo's pheasants that Will poached, and Hugo felt that it was proper to stay away from the court on such occasions.

"It is a nice evening, Will," Hugo agreed.

"Turn to rain later all the same." Will shook his head wisely. "Wondered if you'd like a lift back to Tatterten, me lord, sir. I be going that way."

Hugo decided that he would like a lift. It was a pleasant walk over the fields, but lately it had seemed a good deal longer than it used.

A little later when Hugo was sitting beside Will Snaid in the car, he began to wonder what he had been doing these days when no one laid down any pheasants. It was not a new car they were riding in, but quite a respectable one. Fourteen horse-power, Hugo guessed. A very different affair from the tinker's pony and cart which Will Snaid used to drive.

"This is a nice car you've got, Will!" he said suddenly.

"It does me well enough," Will answered proudly. "But it cost a wicked lot of money."

"It's your own then?" Hugo lifted an eyebrow.

"That's right, me lord, sir. All me own."

"I'm glad you're doing so well," Hugo said solemnly. Then he could not help adding: "Looks as though the price of pheasants must have gone up, Will!"

Will Snaid looked rather hurt.

"Now, me lord, sir," he protested. "That's unkind. I wouldn't be touching your pheasants now, even if you 'ad 'em. Fact, you might say the boot's on the other leg in a manner of speaking."

There was something in the way that Will Snaid dropped this last remark that made Hugo look at him very closely indeed. Partly it was the conjunction of the words "boot" and "leg," which led very naturally to the thought of "boot- (Continued on page 52)

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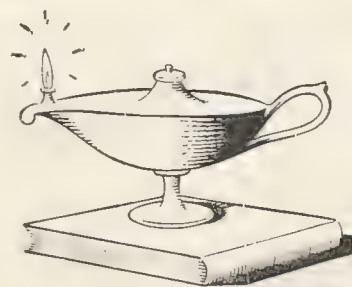
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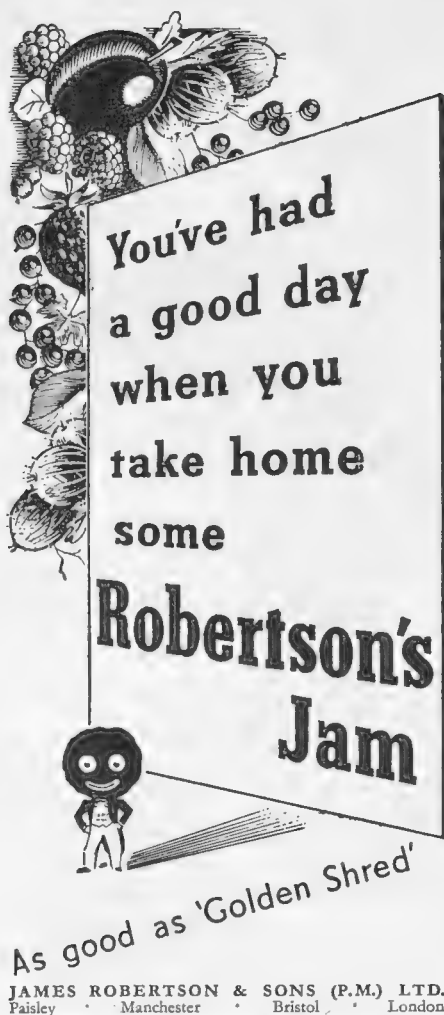
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legger." But there was still more in it than that. Will Snaid had been a poacher, and so had his father. But what had his father been before that? A poacher? Not a bit of it. He had been a smuggler. And his father and grandfather before him. It was from the Will Snuids of the time that the tenth and eleventh viscounts had stocked their cellars. Was it possible that history was repeating itself? . . . And did Will mean by his last remark that instead of he—Will—poaching Hugo's pheasants, he—Hugo—had been poaching Will's whisky?

Hugo was not long left in any doubt; for Will now put his horny hand soothingly on Hugo's knee.

"No need to worry, me lord, sir!" he whispered. "It was me what took that missing bottle."

"You!" Hugo just gaped.

"That's right, me lord, sir. Naturally I was interested when I found there was a case missing. I'd been watching, too, you see."

Rusty (Continued from page 32)

act of swallowing his first mouthful of the delectable loot when the dispossessed bees, unable to make any impression on their tough old destroyer, transferred their attentions to him.

This was something the youngster hadn't bargained for. His tender nose, eyes and ears swelling with stings, he howled like a banshee and, in a desperate effort to ease the pain, rolled in the soft ground till he looked like an animated mud-pack.

As could be expected, the cub was suspicious of almost everything after that, and followed his unpredictable mentor at a safe distance. And, later, when the big fellow finally denned up in a hollow formed by the laced roots of an overturned tree, he circled the spot two or three times before crawling timidly in beside him. Though Rusty's great carcass filled the small space, and even overflowed its edges, he managed, somehow or other, to make room for his pupil, and made no protest when he wormed his way between his curved forepaws. By the time the sun had dipped below the ridges, and disappeared from sight, they were both sound asleep.

The seasoned veteran should have known, however, that, in spite of his surprising magnanimity, he wasn't master of his own destiny. Sometime during the long night the restlessness that dominated his life and kept him forever on the move prodded him into wakefulness. Untangling himself carefully from his diminutive bed-fellow, he heaved himself erect, winnowed the air, then struck off through the shadowy woods at a deceptively swift pace.

To see him plunging through the woods you would have thought that he was trying to escape from some gigantic enemy, instead of from a soundly sleeping first summer cub.

In the weeks that followed Rusty absorbed large doses of the tranquillity about him. Shunning the society of his kind, he slept through the heat of the day and ranged the lush valley in the cool of dawn and dusk.

Notwithstanding all his precautions, however, various misadventures intruded on his jealousy guarded privacy.

One clash with the forces that persisted on intruding on his solitude was of his own choosing, and the result, more or less, of sheer bad judgment. Tiring of the monotonous diet of grasshoppers and berries he had elected to raid a farmer's pig pen.

Unfortunately for him, the farmer was awake, and on the alert, and a charge of buckshot had forced him to detour and spend the next few days in seclusion, nursing a peppered hide and a badly inflamed eye.

By the time he was back in circulation again his fur was browner, his teeth and claws blunter, and his moroseness definitely accentuated.

Autumn, the most exciting season of the year, was on the march now, and the valley and slopes were daubed with colour. Ice fringed the edges of the brooks of a morning, and the dry marsh grasses rustled stiffly in the wind. Still dominated by a stubborn deter-

Hugo flushed.

"But—but, if it's like that, why didn't you take the whole lot?"

"Wasn't time, me lord, sir. Besides I knew it was in good 'ands. Felt I owed you something, too—after all them pheasants."

The car had drawn up now beside the hedge of the garden over which the parachute had drifted. Hugo was bereft of speech, but Will Snaid went blandly on.

"Here you are, me lord, sir," he said. "Glad to 'ave been of any service. . . . If you want any more, it'll be on business terms, of course: same as it was between your great-grandfather and mine. Just tell Jessie when you want it. She knows."

Hugo had got out. He now stared vacantly at the car as Will Snaid drove on towards the village. All that he could think of was that it was a good thing there was some whisky in the house. He certainly needed it.

END

mination to preserve his anonymity, Rusty snarled at the wintry sounds and retreated to the deepest part of the woods.

Oblivious of the riot of colour about him, of the gold and crimson of the maples, and the bright red of the pokeberry leaves, he was sunning himself on a rock one early afternoon, when the roar of a gun, followed by a commotion in the evergreens beyond the alders, brought him to his feet with an annoyed rumble. His gaunt body rigid, and every nerve taut, he searched the clump of spruce with nearsighted eyes till he spotted a well-grown cub bear limping painfully along a fallen balsam.

The bearling clearly had had a trying time and was obviously at the end of his tether. Glancing nervously back over his shoulder he wedged his rump against the roots of the tree and faced the two boys, who came charging out of the spruce at him, with a defiant snarl.

Sensing trouble with a capital T, Rusty's first impulse was to fade from the scene without any preliminaries. But something about the cornered bearling, the way he held his head and the courageous manner in which he faced his attackers, riveted him in his tracks. There could be no mistaking the bearling. It was the same cub he had so inexplicably befriended in the early summer.

Propelled by something within him that couldn't be denied, the old bruin put his ponderous legs in motion and moved slowly towards the little group. A jumble of loose rock forced him to detour, and by the time he had rounded the obstruction the boys had closed with their defiant victim and were flailing at him with their clubbed shotguns.

The cub defended himself both skilfully and courageously. Knowing that he wouldn't have a chance if he fell off the tree, he kept his rump wedged in the roots and fought back savagely. His enemies were just one too many for him, however, and just when it seemed that he couldn't fight any longer, Rusty came galloping to his rescue with a series of roars that rattled the branches and filled the valley with sound.

Terrified, the cub's attackers took one look at the charging colossus then threw down their weapons and took to their heels with frightened yells. Beating a small, helpless bear to death was one thing, but facing his gigantic avenger was an entirely different matter.

Clawing his way up the tree trunk Rusty nuzzled the dazed bearling and made hoarse little sounds in his throat. Then, having unwittingly accomplished what nature had intended him to do all along, he dropped heavily to the ground and shambled up the slope.

Suddenly aware that the cub was preparing to follow him, he halted him in his tracks with a double-barrelled roar and quickened his pace. Pausing on the crest of the slope, he turned for a last look at him, then eased himself down the other side into what he hoped would be a world free of orphaned cubs and their disturbing entanglements.

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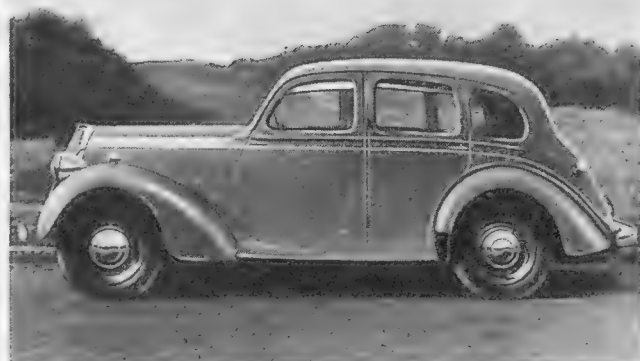
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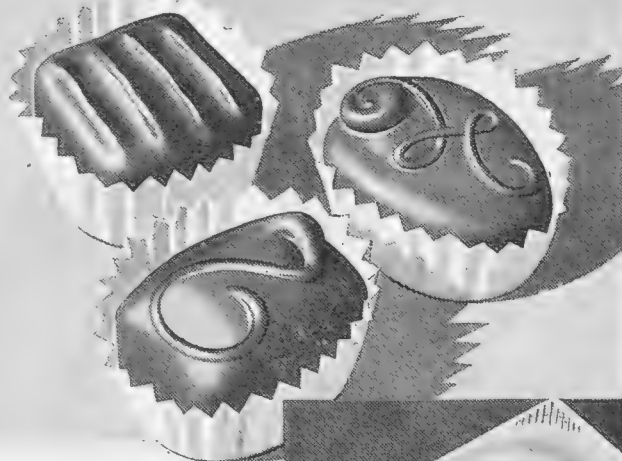
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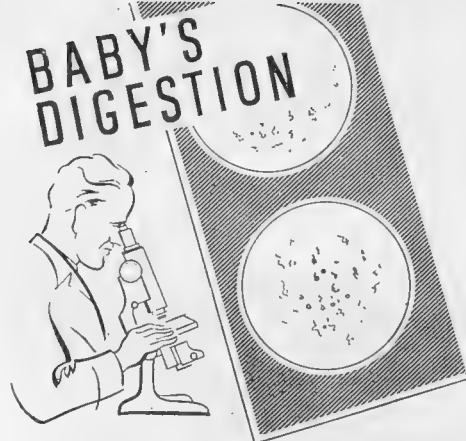
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who work together near certain French and Belgian ports. The cargo is trundled down to the shore at night. In other known instances, the British members of the smugglers ring put on naval uniforms, which some of them wore with considerable distinction during the war, and coming into French or Belgian ports announce themselves to local officials as purchasing officers for British naval units which, so they say, are about to visit the neighbourhood. They easily obtain clearance papers and load up a launch and put to sea. The launch transfers the contraband cargo to a converted British landing craft, many of which have been "borrowed" by the smugglers. The landing craft makes for a pre-arranged landing place in south-west England where a lorry is waiting. The lorry drives off and the cargo ends up in the British black market. Agreed that the costs of "rum running" is high, but so are the profits.

While the gangs are men who like adventure, the brains and organizers are men who lived dangerously during the war and who miss the tang of danger; also, it must be noted, that these men are the same whose offers are often met with in the "Agony" columns of newspapers: the "Public School... ready to do anything" type.

THOSE who are now being trained to smash the smugglers' rings are now "going to school" in a large building close to Southwark Bridge, London. New entrants are selected by Civil Service examination and are granted the grade of Assistant Preventive Officer. Ordinarily, the average age of entrants was between nineteen and twenty-one, but in order to attract men leaving the Forces, the age limit has been put up to twenty-five.

During the preliminary two months training period, the new recruit is now given a fair amount of practical experience. For instance, he goes the rounds with Preventive Officers visiting ships arriving in the Thames. The probation period lasts a year and then the entrant is commissioned and spends roughly six months in various ports, learning to be an Assistant Preventive Officer.

This new system of training is somewhat of an experiment and although most likely to prove very successful, it is going to take some time to fill the wide gaps in the Customs officials' ranks, and it is through these gaps that the smugglers penetrate. The general shortage of manpower in Great Britain is reflected in the ranks of the blue- and gold-

braided officials who confront you when you return from your Continental holiday and land in a British port. You may complain of the loss of time, but the loss of time is mainly due to the shortage of staff, especially female staff.

The shortage of women officials in British ports has led to the "borrowing" of police searchers from the local police station. This has to be done, because women have become by far the worst offenders in this post-war smuggling racket. In future, no quarter is to be given to women smugglers. They are far more cunning than the men. A Customs official of a high level declared: "Women smugglers are becoming far more brazen and ingenious. But, in future, they are going to find it a lot more difficult to get away with it, simply because they are women."

At the British ports of debarkation women smugglers of drugs and jewels have a good opportunity of passing the contraband to accomplices during the period when, as suspects, they are asked to wait, and when a search of their person takes place—provided a female searcher can be found. As for the already mentioned smuggling of fur coats into Britain, Customs officials, because they were not "bulled" have allowed the passage through the Customs of coats worth many thousands of pounds. The majority of the suspects, however, are not the professional women smugglers; they are the types of women who, like many men, are trying to recapture the spice of danger to which their war work accustomed them. Yet many of them have had their mink coats confiscated and furs to the value of several hundreds of thousands of pounds are at this writing being held by the Customs pending investigation. No charges have been made against the women from whom they were confiscated.

The shortage of consumer goods in Britain, and the comparative easy supply of them in countries just across the Channel, makes it worth the smugglers' while to take the not very great risks and to reap the very large profits. How much the British Treasury has lost since the war in unpaid duty is anyone's guess, but whether the huge cost of the amplification of the Customs service to collect duty is worth while is just another guess. Maybe, maybe not. In the meantime this writer would suggest to amateur smugglers that the game is not worth the candle.

Pay and look as pleasant as you can.

END

Elephants Of The Sea

(Continued from page 25)

would-be philanderer is only a small bull, he usually takes the hint and gives up his amorous designs. But if he thinks he stands a chance, he usually roars back his defiance, challenging the other bull to fight, and comes still closer to the wives.

Dr. L. Harrison Matthews, who has closely studied elephant seals on South Georgia, thus describes what happens as the rival bull approaches the bull with the harem:

"This sets the harem bull beside himself with fury and, immediately he blindly rushes at his rival in a direct line over his cows and pups. If this does not start the other in flight a fight ensues. Approaching each other closely face to face, each bull rears up as far as he can on the hind third of the body, and, with the mouth wide open and the proboscis inflated, falls forward against his rival, endeavouring to lacerate him with his upper canine teeth.

"They do not bite each other when fighting in this way, and most of the wounds are received on the head and sides of the neck. If, however, one of them makes an unsuccessful lunge and falls forward, the other wallows down on top of him with all his weight and bites his neck or back, sometimes tearing out a lump of skin and blubber nearly a foot square. If

this happens the fight finishes at once, the vanquished making off as fast as he can, pursued for a short distance by the victor."

In the water even these huge beasts have a dreaded enemy—the killer whale. These ferocious whales, which have a maximum length of some thirty feet, will attack anything that swims. Pieces of elephant seal have been found in their insides, and a whaler has stated that he has known killer whales to attack elephant seals and cut them in two at one bite!

But the killer whales would never have brought the elephant seal to the verge of extinction—that was left to mankind. During the eighteenth century these seals were found in their hundreds of thousands on many islands off the southern extremity of South America. But by 1800 the sea elephant industry had begun to flourish. The oil from the blubber, and the fur from their backs were of considerable value. Tens of thousands of the seals were slaughtered, 62,000 in one year alone on South Georgia. Fortunately such indiscriminate slaughter was stopped in time, and today a hundred thousand of these great seals breed regularly on the islands where once their ancestors were butchered to make a market holiday.

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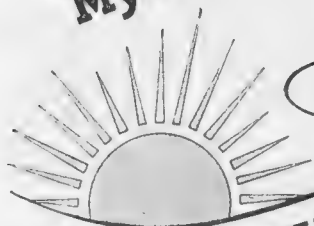
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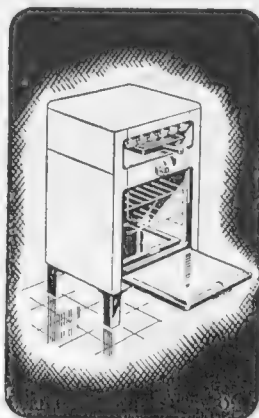
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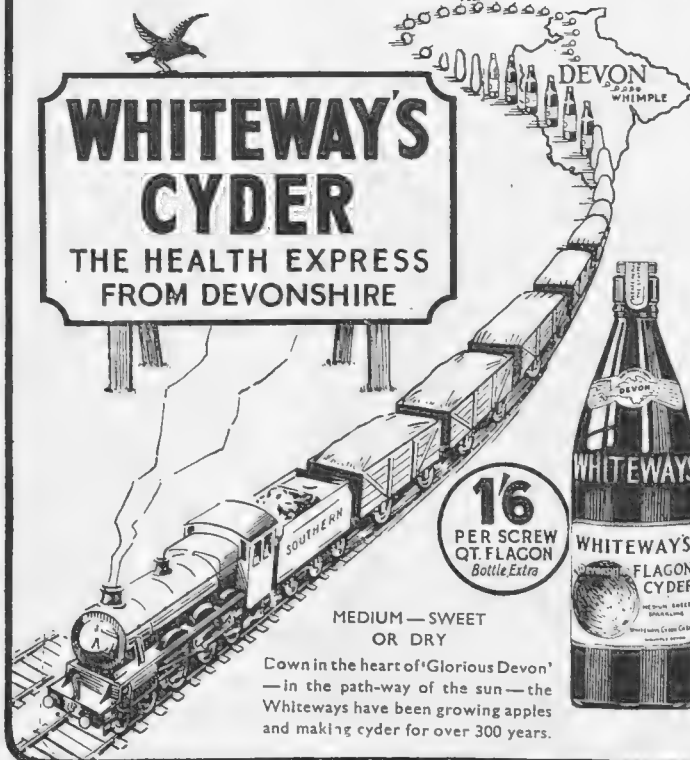


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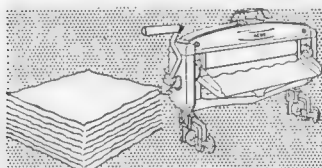
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The Impossible Mr. Stoke

(Continued from page 19)

arms. "He's rather sweet! I know," he said quickly, "the girl's demented. Too much sun on the way down or somethin'." He threw out his arms like a politician making his strongest point, "Fellow's not even a cricketer!" Sitting down at the dressing-table he started pulling off his tie.

Beetle went into the bathroom and turned on the tap. She put her head in the door after a moment holding a poised toothbrush. "You know," her voice was thoughtful, "I'm not certain they wouldn't make an admirable pair."

Her husband regarded her with a look of utmost bewilderment. Then he turned to the mirror again and addressed his reflection with the air of one making a great discovery. "I know," he whispered finally, "I'm demented!" He rolled his eyes appropriately.

BELLE caught Mr. Stoke on the stairs going down to breakfast.

"My intended," he cried rapturously.

"Ss-s-sh! Now you must explain to the Fortunes and Miss Peach. I've told the Huntleys and I'll explain to Teddy, though I don't think he's registered anyway."

"All right, Belle, if this is what you wish." His voice was listless.

"Don't act the goat," she pulled his sleeve importantly, "and call me Miss Marvel! And keep away from me! Now go on, we mustn't arrive together."

He went down the stairs rehearsing loud enough for her to hear. "No one woman," he was saying tragically, "can expect to fill my life, Miss Peach. . . ."

Belle put a tiny hand to her head and fled desperately upstairs.

After breakfast she walked with the Huntleys down to the beach. Ambrose Stoke galloped up looking absurdly skinny in a dressing-gown of pink towelling. Belle glared at him but he fell in alongside them unabashed.

"And how is my slave of the willow this morning?"

Stephen smirked. "Fine, and how is our other little love-bird?"

"You know?" said Ambrose with the air of a conspirator. "Belle darling, you promised you'd speak. . . ."

Miss Marvel cut in on him. "Oh! you snake!" She stamped so that the white dust rose. The next moment she was running swiftly down the cliff path.

Beetle put one arm through that of Ambrose and the other through that of her husband. "And I thought that this was going to be a dull week-end," she said softly.

Over the top of her head the other two regarded each other with exasperation.

After they had bathed, Stephen and Beetle, with great ostentation took their towels a few paces along the beach, and lay down. Miss Marvel watched this manoeuvre with unhappy eyes.

Not so Mr. Stoke. He flung himself down in the sand alongside her. "Heh! Heh! Heh!" he said, tugging an imaginary moustache.

Belle spoke between clenched teeth. "I wish you'd go away."

Ambrose rolled on his back. "It'd be no good. I'm afraid the denial was not a terrific success."

"Neither was mine," she whispered ruefully. "In heaven's name, why did you make this dreadful situation?"

Mr. Stoke twisted his head and regarded her. There was something inscrutable about his look that made her feel uneasy. She fell to tracing a pattern in the sand with a pink finger. Finally, "I'm rather liking it," he said.

"You're impossible," she murmured without looking up, but there was no anger in her voice.

THE storm burst on Sunday afternoon.

Jackson leant over her chair at lunch, "The phone for you, Miss Marvel."

"For me?" she said puzzled.

"Yes, Miss Marvel."

She went quickly through to the hall. It was her aunt, Lady Constance. She said, "What's all this I hear about you and Ambrose Stoke?"

"Oh dear! I knew this would happen."

"What do you mean, Belle?" Her aunt's voice was ominous.

"Well you see, Aunt Constance, it's all a kind of a joke, a . . . a . . . a misunderstanding." There was a long pause.

"Listen, Belle, I'm already weighed down with congratulations, but apart from that it had better be true. If it's not true now, I advise you to set about making it that way."

Belle said faintly, "What do you mean?"

"It's bad enough being tied to an unstable scribbler, even as brilliant as your Mr. Stoke, but it's twenty times worse if you appear to have been jilted by one. You're over the edge altogether then."

"Yes," said Belle miserably.

"Bring him round here on Wednesday night, I want to look at him. You understand?" Her tone was inexorable.

"But, Aunt Constance. . . ."

"Do you understand?"

"Yes, Aunt Constance," said Belle meekly.

Subsequently during the afternoon there were seven calls for Mr. Stoke and eleven for Miss Marvel, a situation which the remainder of the party enjoyed tremendously.

ON a mutual decision Ambrose and Belle fled to the cliff again after dinner. Arrived there they lay side by side in the sweet-smelling grass.

"This is like a snowball. My aunt rang at lunch. She wants to meet you on Wednesday."

Her would-be fiancé groaned. "There's only one way out, I'll jump over the cliff." He sat up quickly, looking down at her. The stare of his level eyes disturbed her. "There is another way, Belle?"

She avoided his eyes and laughed weakly. "You mean for me to jump over the cliff?"

"No. I mean that I . . . that we, could stick to it." There was silence for a few moments. Belle could feel her heart racing.

She pulled at the blades of grass in short nervous gestures. "You see, Belle, I think I love you." He said it simply without pretence. All the buffoonery had slipped from him now. He was only a man plighting his troth. "I think I'd like to be with you always," he said soberly. "I think that your good opinion means more than anything in the world to me at this moment." He laughed shortly. "Above all, I think we'd deal famously together."

She lifted her face and looked at him wide-eyed. On a quick impulse Ambrose Stoke bent forward and kissed her red mouth.

Belle regarded him mistily. "Dear Ambrose!" She pulled his head down on to her breast. "You know," she said, gently tugging the lobe of his ear, "this is all of a sudden, and it's so terribly important. You know, Ambrose, we know nothing about each other, and there are so many little things. You might smoke in the bathroom which I hate," she hurried on shakily, "and I like going to mother's once a month an'-an'-an' I always nudge at theatres. Oh, Ambrose!" She ran her fingers through his hair. "Let's wait for six months and—Oh, Ambrose!" she finished unhappily.

Ambrose regarded her sadly. "Mustn't smoke in the bathroom, mustn't mind being nudged in the theatre," he muttered audibly.

Something bright and wet fell on his upturned face. Belle Marvel buried her cheek in his shoulder. "Oh, you're impossible!" she wailed.

Mr. Stoke regarded the deep blue of the heavens with one eyebrow raised. He winked triumphantly at the biggest and brightest star he could see.

END

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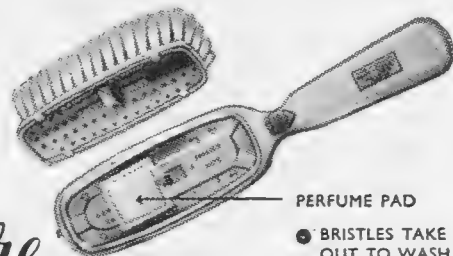
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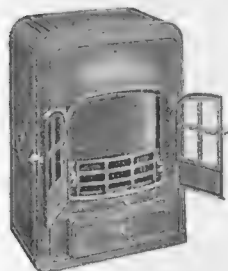
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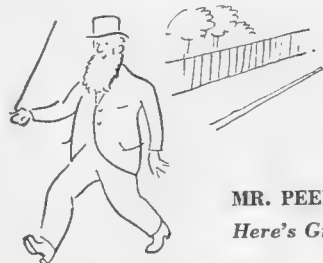


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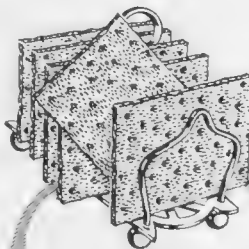
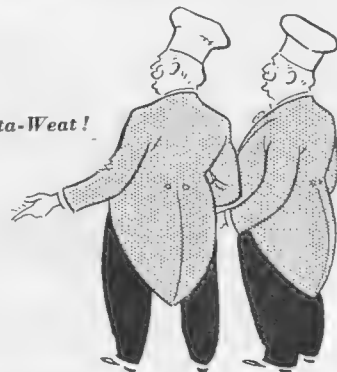


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Fourteen Men Against The West

(Continued from page 20)



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That is why we would not make a second-rate lotion during the war. That is why Optrex has been so scarce. But better supplies of the essential materials are now coming through, and so there is more Optrex about. Optrex Eye Compresses, too, are now available. Ask for them at your chemists.

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Molotov's, means a regular "old Bolshie" vote amounting to nearly one-third.

"Klim" also fulfils the role of diner-out. He is seen about Moscow more than any of his colleagues who work like beavers and may be espied between times shooting from office to home in outsize, well-protected cars. Where do these men live? Who are their friends? Their off-time distractions? Have they children? Romance? Skeletons in cupboards? Who knows? *Who cares?*—that is the extraordinary thing about it, in Western eyes.

There is something uncomfortable, too, in the reflection that Molotov is the only one really known in the flesh outside his own country, even as his former opposite number, Ribbentrop, was the only high Nazi to travel much abroad in the public gaze. Molotov is more of a veteran than his fifty-seven years suggest. He was a journalist along with Lenin and Stalin on the St. Petersburg *Pravda* back in 1911 and held the fort in that city, in the absence of his few seniors, in February, 1917. The saying is that he has ridden tandem for thirty-five years, behind Stalin, implying complete mutual trust.

Behold Molotov, said to be the one who argued Stalin into a show-down with the West. There's little "auntish" about "Auntie Moll." His features belie a grim nature relieved only by a quick, sardonic humour. Otherwise this man is the didactic schoolmaster, hardest of traders, biggest of sceptics.

One is led to deduce that with him on the foreign side are Shvernik, Beria and Mikoyan, on account of their respective provinces (and, of course, Stalin).

SHVERNIK has been the one real traveller, yet only trade union officials have known him. He is President of the U.S.S.R., but where he comes on the scene now is as the best-informed Russian not only on the West, but in relation to foreign trade unions upon which the Soviet rely so much. He knows England intimately. Maybe his knowledge of others adds to his "tiredness and sobriety of mind." Shvernik doesn't even get the usual "kick" out of the endless toasting, being one of the few teetotallers in the Politburo.

Beria comes into the foreign picture, as the big noise of the secret police. A Georgian like Stalin (whose historian he is), Beria is one of the youngest, at forty-six, and the scholar of the company. In some other respects he brings back the late Himmler. Not only because he brought the N.K.V.D. (political police) to what it is, but does he not wear pince-nez, has he not a precise, efficient manner, and is he not at this present moment disposing of countless prisoners of war and Russian subjects sent to work out their lives or terms in far-flung industrial projects?

Beria is close to Stalin, telling the latter what is going on underground at home and abroad—he was lately in Berlin, looking into the prospects there.

Mikoyan's role in the foreign drama derives from his job as chief of foreign trade. It is he who has to do the organizing and co-ordinating of the countries behind the Iron Curtain so that their joint economies shall stand the test. An Armenian, he has the imagination and oriental cunning of his race.

SO to the live wire of the Politburo, its latest acquisition.

Malenkov was the find of the late war and, at forty-five, is freely spoken of as Stalin's successor, especially if anything should happen to Molotov. In any case Malenkov is one of the big four of the Buro. Trained directly by Stalin whose private secretary he used to be, Malenkov shot to the front in 1941-42 when he put Russian heavy industry back in working order, including the first production in mass of serviceable tanks. At the same time he continued as boss of the Party organization, of crucial import in an ideologically smitten land. To this day he is

that extremely important thing in a totalitarian country—a walking card index in relation to all of the 6,000,000 Party comrades who really matter.

ANOTHER who is quite close to Stalin is the only Jew of our company, Kaganovitch. This tall, bluff, vigorous near-sexagenarian achieved the miracle of the railways during the late war, when they were "patched up and sewn together," yet worked when, without them, all would have been lost. Still, that's not why Kaganovitch is close to Stalin. He happens to be his brother-in-law, although the fact is only an open secret to the comparatively few in Russia. His sister Rosa is the Generalissimo's third wife.

Here you have the complete example of Muscovite secrecy running to the opposite extreme, from the West, in regard to private lives. These men operate as far from the public gaze as they possibly can. A fitting climax is their convening for deliberations in the Kremlin in the dead of night. They admit not one jot to justification for others wanting to know anything about them. There is a permanent publicity black-out on what they earn, where they go, with whom they're feuding, whom they're smiling upon. They lead a closed existence bounded by high officialdom. A Party funeral, or a parade, may put them on show once or twice a year.

Wives are rarely on view. Stalin has not been seen in public with his third wife. Even the date of the marriage has never left the Kremlin.

One who is less of a cypher than several of his colleagues, is Zhdanov, because he was the Defender of Leningrad. Zhdanov won his way to favour by healing the wounds left by the great pre-war purge. As a fat and forthright man of fifty, his special job is keeping the Intelligentsia in line. But he is one of the big four and, as such, in the running for the main prize. Of passionate character, Zhdanov has a salty humour which commands itself to his chief who also admires a man who finds his own words for his thoughts—unlike some of the Politburo, who are inclined to talk like doctrinaire books.

The remainder must bear compression. Andreyev has moved from one job to another and now has agriculture. He is likened to a little bundle of dynamite and has the idiosyncrasy of sticking to the old Bolshy blouse and high collar. Khrushchev is an ex-miner who built the Moscow Subway and now has the harder task of bringing his native Ukraine back to life—and to Russia. He was made a General for his leadership of the Ukraine underground. A thing to remember, is that nearly all these men are versed in war, one way or another. Bulganin was Mayor of Moscow until he blossomed as the genius of its civilian defence. He, too, was made a General and now is in charge of National Defence in the Buro.

FINALLY the two "babies" aged forty-three and forty-two.

Voznesensky is the chief planner. This stocky, heavy, black-eyed man has been top planner for eight years. He launched the third Five-Year Plan and the present one. He rose in wake of planners who had to be purged for not showing themselves as realists. The one sure way to be purged by Stalin amid Jovian bellowing, is to overstate the possibilities of a case, or your own abilities.

Voznesensky stands out as the one bourgeois in the Buro. Kosygin started as a boy in a textile factory. At forty-two he doubles the Presidency of the Russian Republic with the task of reconstruction the whole way from Koenigsberg to Vladivostok.

Governments come and governments go. The Politburo remains constant, having picked itself. Nothing but death or purging shifts these men. That in itself is sufficient ground for wanting to know all we can about them as individuals.

END

Britannia & Eve for September, 194



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City Of Ghosts

(Continued from page 29)

it is a brave latecomer indeed who passes through the Pends after the stroke of midnight. In all, there are something like *ninety* well-known apparitions in the town, including a phantom coach which gallops thunderously along the Crail road on stormy nights and vanishes in blue smoke and sulphurous fumes into St. Andrews Bay! All of them are excellently vouched for by reputable townsfolk, and their existence is an accepted fact.

Apart from its antiquity, and the fact that it was the ancient Capital of the Picts, the Seat of the first Scottish University and the Home of Golf, the town itself is one of the most delightful in the kingdom. Set on its long headland, with a backdrop of hills and sea; with its well laid out streets and quaint wynds and closes overshadowed by pinnacles and towers it will bear comparison with any beauty spot in the country.

An unbelievable peace hangs over the town, such as is found at certain times during "The Vac" at Oxford. The pace of living is unhurried and it seems to be suspended in time since the 1850s. If there is any place that the shades of staunch Tories could find rest it would be in St. Andrews. Everything is done in a gentlemanly fashion; there is no ostentation, and the shopkeepers are unbelievably courteous and will follow customers out to their doorsteps. The war had little perceptible effect; despite the fact that for several years, nearby aerodromes and Air Force training schools filled the town with blue-tunicked and roistering airmen, St. Andrews remained in its comfortable semi-somnambulance.

In keeping with the atmosphere of decorum, the main mode of transport is the bicycle; especially among the red-gowned students who flit up and down the wynds, gowns billowing, like witches and warlocks *en route* to a Sabbat.

Everybody seems to possess a bicycle. Stately ladies, tweed-clad and severe, pedal with dignity; black-coated ministers somehow manage to instil something of a religious ceremony into their locomotion. In short, bicycle-riding has acquired a dignity consistent with the town's atmosphere. The only folk who fail to realize this are the errand boys who swoop, stunt and whistle as errand boys have been doing since the machine entered commerce.

The only time the town seems to shake off its lethargy is during the summer and arrival of the visitors. To-day, St. Andrews is still a place of pilgrimage, but a new type of pilgrim comes over, the Crail road—the old Pilgrim's Way.

Shell-trimmed hats and homespun gowns have given way to glen-check caps and flannel-bags; the pilgrim's staff to a set of matched clubs. The new patron saint is Tom Morris, and the new shrine, the "R and A." This small town with less than 8,000 inhabitants is the "Golfers' Mecca." Here is the Golfers' Parliament—The Royal and Ancient Golf Club—the decrees of which is Holy Writ to millions of devotees throughout the world, and here are the "Crown Jewels of Golf"—£14,000 of golfing regalia and this is *melting* value alone!

END

Return To Ulster

(Continued from page 15)

customs and excise, the mails—held by Britain under the 1920 Settlement Act.

Had anything changed since my last visit? "Nothing," assured the Belfast stockbroker I called on before heading west, "except that the Yanks have gone home, and we're nourishing a fat black market. What can you expect with all these controls, constantly rising prices, and the Irish temperament? This is an easy-going country, you know."

The clouds hung low over lush green field and low whitewashed cottage as we motored out along the wide concrete highway to Antrim and points west. The sky beyond the purple mountains looked dark and stormy. It was summer, Ulster summer—long rain spells punctuated by bursts of strong sun. Spring downpours after the first bitter winter had set Ulster's 90,000 farmers back six weeks. But in spite of that, and an impending rise of 10s. a week in farm-workers' wages, the first farmer I talked to was cheerful. The government had raised prices of spring-sown crops and milk. Potatoes had been boosted 9s. a ton.

"I remember when it didn't pay to haul them to market. Now they're fetching £7 and £8 a ton, depending on variety." He chuckled. "Seed potatoes are the crop. They're a risk. If you can't make third grade, H, all you've got for your trouble is chicken feed. But if you rate a Stock Seed Certificate—that's 100 per cent pure; no virus diseases, no root eelworm on your land—you're in the money. £14 a ton!"

The inspections, during growth, and in the bag, were rigid, but worth while, for stimulated by high price for top quality the Ulster farmers had already captured the British seed potato trade from the Scots. They reckoned the 1947 potato income would be a quarter-million up on the 1946 income. Nice spending money.

Having boosted farm produce from a pre-war £290 millions annually to a war peak of £580 millions, the Department of Agriculture was planning to keep the main industry on its new high level. They're going for intensive

farming, mechanization, scientific methods, basing their dairy industry on the new discovery that they can do without imported grains by intelligent use of protein-rich young grass and a little home-grown grain.

The linen men seemed happy, too.

"We're getting all the fuel and most of the raw materials we need. We're the Government's white-headed boys now. That's because almost all our products, linen, and textiles made from cotton and rayon and mixtures, go to the dollar markets. That will dry up in time and then I expect they'll turn around and say: 'Damned useless trade—no coal for you!' Well, let tomorrow look after itself. Here's to today!"

We drank to it in smooth ten-year-old Irish cut with a little water. Soda is for raw Scotch.

In market towns like Coleraine, and coast resorts like Portrush, you saw that Ulster had made money, is still making it. It was visible in the new tractors, the rows of cars at the curb of High Streets, crowds in the busy well-stocked shops, the smart frocks and nylons (probably smuggled), of the pretty girls, in the pubs and bars and in the men's faces and in their walk.

And it seems not to have disposed Ulster to look any more sweetly on a courting De Valera. "We belong to Britain and there we shall remain," announced the caption on one of the expensive hand-painted silk banners I watched paraded down the dusty Limavady street on the Twelfth.

After dinner in a country house I walked in the fragrant old gardens with one of the guests, an ex-officer, now District Inspector of Police. He told me that the I.R.A. used to have a platoon drilling in his district, but they had faded out. His job was barely justified: he favoured disarming the police. "The bad boys have dropped politics and gone over to smuggling, and that's not a shooting business."

He was a trifle gun conscious because one of his men had lately shot a fleeing smuggler. The police are not armed for that kind of action. If the man died, that policeman would be up for manslaughter. (Continued on page 62)



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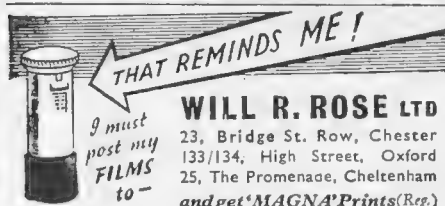
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keep dogs fit



"So you don't think the I.R.A. will rise again?"

"Not unless poverty comes back."

He might have added: "Or Britain moves out, and the North refuses to go with Dev into an all-Irish republic." But perhaps the notion that Britain—even one ruled by

Return To Ulster

Socialists aware that Ulster is a Tory stronghold regularly sending thirteen Tory representatives to Westminster—ever could walk out on loyal Ulster, had never occurred to him.
END

With A Hand Embroidered Motif

(Continued from page 36)

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the 46 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the neck edge. K. 2 tog. at the beg. of the row (45 sts.). Work to correspond with the first 45 sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 78 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast on 1 st. Change to No. 10 needles, work 1 in. moss st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 91 sts. and sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 41 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch on the transfers to the front of pullover, where desired. Embroidery over the transfer with angora wool, then pull the transfer away. Sew up shoulder side and sleeves seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neck band. Work 2 rows of double crochet down the back and front of back opening. Work button loops on the right hand side of opening. Press all seams and the embroidery. Sew on button to the left hand side of back opening.

Three-Colour Sweater

(Continued from page 36)

30th row.—26 m., 2 g., 56 b., 2 g., 26 m. 31st row.—25 m., 2 g., 58 b., 2 g., 25 m. 32nd row.—24 m., 2 g., 60 b., 2 g., 24 m. 33rd row.—Inc., 22 m., 2 g., 62 b., 2 g., 22 m. inc.*. 34th row.—23 m., 2 g., 64 b., 2 g., 23 m. 35th row.—22 m., 2 g., 66 b., 2 g., 22 m. 36th row.—21 m., 2 g., 68 b., 2 g., 21 m. 37th row.—Inc., 19 m., 2 g., 33 b., 4 g., 33 b., 2 g., 19 m., inc. 38th row.—20 m., 2 g., 33 b., 6 g., 33 b., 2 g., 20 m. 39th row.—19 m., 2 g., 33 b., 8 g., 33 b., 2 g., 19 m. 40th row.—18 m., 2 g., 33 b., 10 g., 33 b., 2 g., 18 m. 41st row.—Inc., 16 m., 2 g., 33 b., 12 g., 33 b., 2 g., 16 m., inc. 42nd row.—17 m., 2 g., 33 b., 14 g., 33 b., 2 g., 17 m. 43rd row.—16 m., 2 g., 33 b., 16 g., 33 b., 16 m. 44th row.—15 m., 2 g., 33 b., 18 g., 33 b., 2 g., 15 m. 45th row.—Inc., 13 m., 2 g., 33 b., 20 g., 33 b., 2 g., 13 m. inc.*. 46th row.—14 m., 2 g., 33 b., 22 g., 33 b., 2 g., 14 m. 47th row.—13 m., 2 g., 33 b., 24 g., 33 b., 2 g., 13 m. 48th row.—12 m., 2 g., 33 b., 26 g., 33 b., 2 g., 12 m. 49th row.—11 m., 2 g., 33 b., 28 g., 33 b., 2 g., 11 m. 50th row.—10 m., 2 g., 33 b., 30 g., 33 b., 2 g., 10 m. 51st row.—9 m., 2 g., 33 b., 2 g., 33 b., 2 g., 9 m. 52nd row.—8 m., 2 g., 33 b., 24 g., 33 b., 2 g., 8 m. 53rd row.—7 m., 33 b., 36 g., 33 b., 2 g., 2 g., 7 m. 54th row.—6 m., 2 g., 33 b., 28 g., 33 b., 2 g., 6 m. 55th row.—5 m., 2 g., 33 g., 40 g., 33 b., 2 g., 5 m. 56th row.—4 m., 2 g., 33 b., 42 g., 33 b., 2 g., 4 m. 57th row.—3 m., 2 g., 33 b., 44 g., 33 b., 2 g., 33 m. 58th row.—2 m., 2 g., 33 b., 46 g., 33 b., 2 g., 2 m. 59th row.—1 m., 2 g., 33 b., 48 g., 33 b., 2 g., 1 m. 60th row.—2 g., 33 b., 50 g., 33 b., 29 g. 61st row.—2 g., 33 b., 52 g., 33 b., 2 g. 62nd row.—33 b., 54 g., 33 b. 63rd row.—32 b., 56 g., 32 b. 64th row.—31 b., 58 g., 31 b. 65th row.—30 b., 60 g., 31 b. 66th row.—29 b., 62 g., 29 b. 67th row.—28 b., 64 g., 28 b. 68th row.—27 b., 66 g., 27 b.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts., 19 b., 68 g., 26 b. 70th row.—Cast off 6 sts., 18 b., 33 g., 4 b., 33 g. 71st row.—K. 2 tog., 16 b., 33 g., 6 b., 33 g., 16 b., k. 2 tog. 72nd row.—P. 2 tog., 14 b., 33 g., 8 b., 33 g., 14 b., p. 2 tog. 73rd row.—K. 2 tog. 12 b., 33 g., 10 b., 33 g., 12 b., k. 2 tog. 74th row.—P. 2 tog., 10 b., 33 g., 12 b., 33 g., 10 b., p. 2 tog. 75th row.—K. 2 tog., 8 b., 33 g., 14 b., 33 g., 8 b., k. 2 tog. 76th row.—P. 2 tog., 6 b., 33 g., 16 b., 33 g., 6 b., p. 2 tog. (96 sts.). 77th row.—6 b., 33 g., 18 b., 33 g., 6 b. 78th row.—5 b., 33 g., 20 b., 33 g., 5 b. 79th row.—4 b., 33 g., 22 b., 33 g., 4 b. 80th row.—3 b., 33 g., 24 b., 33 g., 3 b. 81st row.—2 b., 33 g., 26 b., 33 g., 2 b. 82nd row.—1 b., 33 g., 28 b., 33 g., 1 b.

83rd row.—33 g., 30 b., 33 g. 84th row.—33 g., 32 b., 33 g. 85th row.—32 g., 34 b. 33 g. Continue in this way, work 2 more b. sts. on every row. Next row will read 31 g., 36 b., 31 b., until armhole measures 5 inches. Continue all in blue. Next row.—Work 42 sts., cast off 12 sts., work 42 sts. Continue on these 42 sts. for another 2 inches, at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Work the other 42 sts. to correspond.

THE BACK

(Main colour.) Work as for the front in stocking stitch until after the armhole shaping.

When armhole measures 3 inches, divide sts. for the back opening. Next row.—Work 48 sts. (place the remaining 48 sts. on a spare needle). Work on the first 48 sts. for 2½ inches.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Continue for 1½ inches, casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

As for the Front.

Return to the 48 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles and main colour wool. Cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 1 inch. Cast off loosely.

SLEEVES

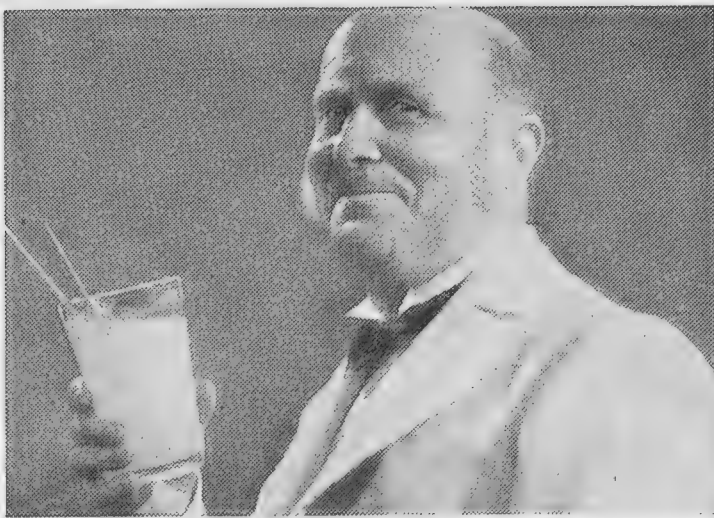
With No. 12 needles and main colour cast on 54 sts., work in k. 2, p. 2, rib for 2½ inches. Change to No. 10 needles and stocking stitch. Work 1 inch, then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every following 6th row, until 86 sts., continue without further shaping until 18 inches from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

K. 2 tog. at the beg. of every row until 44 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew ribbing to the neck edge and roll over. Work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of the back opening with a No. 12 crochet hook. Work button loops on the right hand side of opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons to the left hand side of back opening.



As the saying goes, says OLD HETHERS

it's just what the doctor ordered. Now you, madam, drink my barley water because you like it and find it refreshing, but you'd be surprised at the number of people who drink it because their doctors advised them to. Funny, isn't it, that such a pleasant drink should be medicinal? ... Well, if you make it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley it takes next to no time, just like brewing a pot of tea. Of course, when the bottled kind comes back, I'll let Robinson's do the work.

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Skin Toning Lotion 8/4. All prices include tax.

Helena Rubinstein

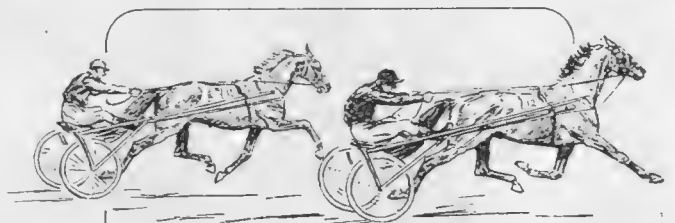
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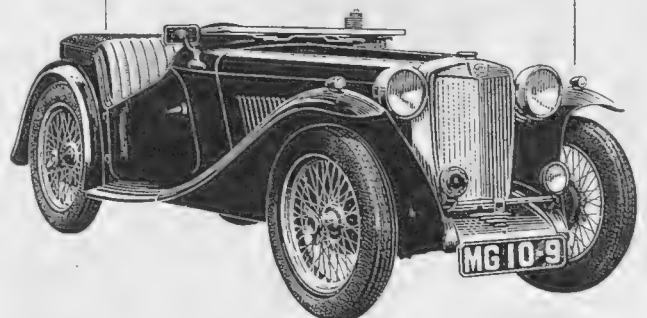
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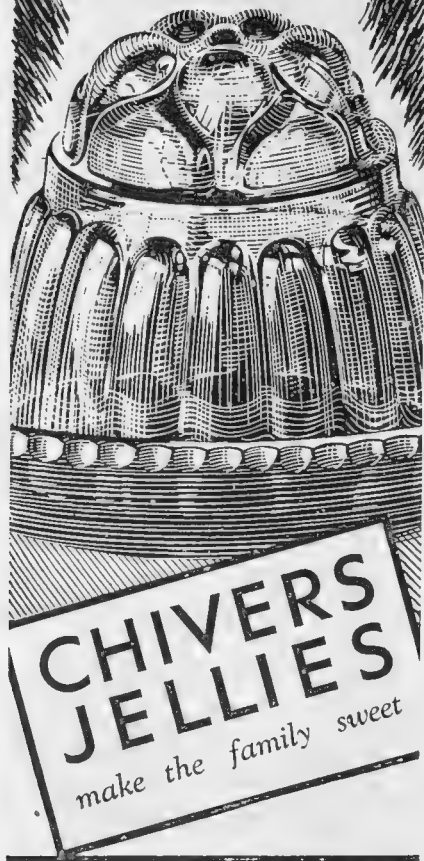


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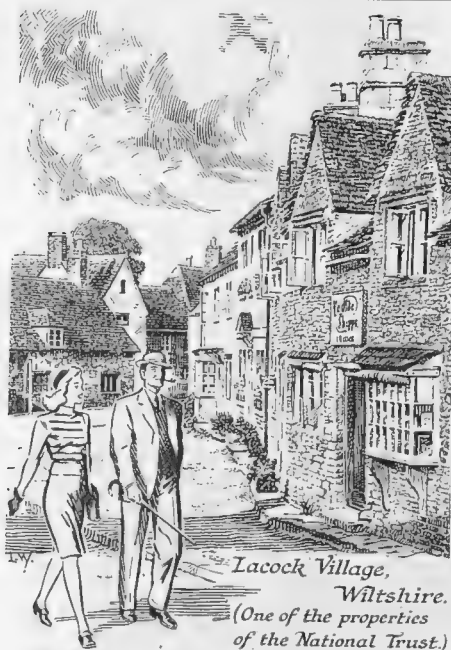
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Books (Continued from page 41)

latrines; but when Peter Nash's crowd moved in, things were different. He not only loved Sybil, who came visiting; he loved the house, too. For Sir John, after the war, there is but one way round taxes and building permits: give it a new lease of life as a hotel. This also is a simple story unpretentiously written.

NOT so simple is Miss Elissa Landi's "The Pear Tree" (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.), which traces the complications of an impassioned love affair between U.S. composer Averill Bentley, married and with a family, and Ginevra Sorel, poet and playwright, with whom he collaborates. Averill's problem is this: he is still emotionally anchored to home, wife, children. "If this man succumbs to a passion on the outside, the division in him will be terrible for he will give exactly half of himself to each love and try to straddle two territories." The outcome is a tragic exit for Ginevra, convincing enough in this kind of tensely keyed story.

ANOTHER tragic exit is that of Mrs. Andy Knox, after she has left Andy for an infatuation with a worthless gossip-writer, in Mr. Dennis Parry's "Mooncalf" (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.). We first meet Andy at Cambridge, where the language is over-proof if undergraduate; we leave him, after a motor accident, immersed in oriental mysticism, which seems at least some improvement. In the transition Mr. Parry gives us humour, sophistication, tortuous love, and some oddities of character. Aggressively "modern," this novel; for the dynamic, not the demure. . . .

THERE is love—a simple one again—in Miss Bernice Kelly Harris's "Sage Quarter" ("A. & E." Publishers, 10s. 6d.), but the virtue of the story is chiefly in girl Tiny's childish reactions to a large Carolina farming family, so delicately rendered. The author has been called the "Mary Webb of America." Background may entitle her to that, but in her intuitive presentation of the child-mind she seems nearer Katherine Mansfield.

PRESUMABLY it was for love—or its illusion—that the Emperor of the Sublime City retired to his Golden Grotto with an odalisque in Mr. Lewis Soden's "The Man Who Was Emperor" (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.). But the point of this elegant fantasy is that, during his absence, Sir Raymond Lee, the British Ambassador, is kidnapped by the Prime Minister, compelled to impersonate His Majesty for political reasons, and finds himself in a pretty court intrigue. I can see retired diplomats reading this highly original story and saying: "Dammit, why did nothing so delightful happen to me?"

IT'S a braw Hielan' love—of Mat Robb, Ison o' the manse, for Janet, daughter of the village "postie" in Miss B. Montague Scott's "A' Wede Away" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). Matt, salmon poaching, becomes involved in the accidental shooting of a keeper and flees south—to make his fortune in London. Janet, too, takes the high road over the border—to find the low road of love with a barrister already married to a rich woman. What happens when Matt and

Janet meet again makes a "success story of a failure," told with vivid characterisation in contrasting backgrounds. But I hope admirers of her *And, Which, the Knave?* won't regard the change from Jews to Scots as a retrograde one. . . .

THE love in Mr. Michael Harrison's "Treadmill" (John Langdon, 8s. 6d.) is mainly between father and son. Eldred Figg, jerry builder and estate developer, returns from war service to find the business blued by rash investment and the culpable father reduced to a drab Earl's Court rooming house. He repairs the family fortune with a toy-town plan for a Dream City outside London to which fine old buildings shall be transferred under city clearance schemes. Odd characters and their social and political discontents make the story. Mr. Harrison sadly overdoes his Cockney jargon, but we can forgive him much for quoting some delicious verses about a mother clutching her babe when the house rocks, concluding: The youngster looked into his fond mother's face,

And said in an innocent strain,
It's the doodle-bug, Mum!—and the mother replied:

Yes, your father's come home drunk again!

NOVELS.

Here is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"Dawn to Destiny," by Dorothy M. Catts (John Langdon, 8s. 6d.); "Kaleidoscope," by Hilda Hewett (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); "Twopence for a Rat's Tail," by S. Makepeace Lott (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.); "The Old Firm," by Joan Butler (Stanley Paul, 10s. 6d.); "Lovers in Waiting," by David Whitelaw (Macdonald 8s. 6d.); "The Cup and the Song," by Barbara Rubien (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); "We Happy Few," by Helen Howe (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.); "Abbie," by Dane Chandos (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.); "Killing the Goose," by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.); "Another Claudia," by Rose Franken (W. H. Allen, 9s. 6d.); "Adam's Daughter," by Ursula Bloom (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); "A Candle of Understanding," by Vera Wheatley (Stanley Paul, 9s. 6d.); "The Glendinning Fortunes," by Jessie May Burt (Denis Archer, 9s. 6d.); "The Living Ghost," by Dorothy Upson (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); "Who Murdered Reynard," by Sydney Fowler (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.); "Toughs Ashore," by Michael Hervey (Alliance Press Group, 6s.); "A Sigh for a Drum-beat," by Patrick Doncaster (William Earl, 9s. 6d.); "Keys to Crime," by Richard Martin (William Earl, 8s. 6d.); "Futility," "My Sinful Earth" and "The Polyglots" in The Collected Uniform Edition of the Works of William Gerhardt (Macdonald, 6s. each).

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Voice of the Turtle," a new comedy by John van Druten (Michael Joseph, 6s.); "Saturday in my Garden," by F. Hadfield Farthing revised by A. Cecil Bartlett (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.); "Idle Women," by Susan Woolfitt (Ernest Benn, 12s. 6d.); "The Pleasure Ground," a Miscellany of English Writing edited by Malcolm Elwin (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.).

END

Thatched Roofs (Continued from page 42)

thatchers who employ the men as assistants are to receive a subvention or compensation for any "possible slowness of work," during the first four months of employment. Training is to be under the general supervision of the Rural Industries Bureau.

This little-publicised bureau, a Government body, now has an experienced thatching officer (who was himself once a thatcher, as was his father before him, and as his son still is) who is surveying the thatching methods, needs and costs in various parts of

the country. Already some extremely interesting information has been collected and analysed. For example, it is now known more precisely that the cheaper and inferior kinds of thatch are in fact much the more expensive if "costed" on a thirty years basis. One common kind of thatch costs about 41s. 6d. per square (one hundred square feet), which would mean £41 10s. for a roof of twenty squares. But that kind of thatch needs renewal every five years, and total charges over thirty (Continued on page 66)



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years would amount to £249. A better kind of thatch returns, for the same area of twenty squares, the figures of £51 and (for thirty years) £153. Better still is a thatch whose figures are £66 and £132. But the best quality straw thatch, which would cost the highest initial price (£74 10s.) would be the least expensive over thirty years (£119 10s.), because of its lower maintenance costs.

The life of thatched roofs is determined not only by the skill of the thatchers but also by the quality of the straw. The Rural Industries Bureau hopes that it may be possible to introduce more straw-combing machines, and to promote the use of the best combed, unthreshed straw, in accordance with the practice of the best Devon thatchers, whose roofs last from thirty to forty years with only minor repairs. At present the vast majority of thatchers are working with inferior straw which has suffered damage in the threshing machines, and this is one reason why so much thatching time and so much money goes to renewals and repairs.

The increased demand for thatched roofs within the last thirty years is the more interesting because thatch has been in decline for a long time. It is, of course, a primitive roof: there was legislation against thatch in London (because of the fire hazard) as early as 1212, and thatch was evidently considered an inferior or mean type of roof by 1530, when Palsgrave wrote: "I am but a poore man, sythe I cannot tyle my house, I must be fayne to thacke it." This idea gained ground and seems to have reached a peak

Thatched Roofs

in the nineteenth century, when so many thatched churches were re-roofed with slates or tiles. (In the year 1880, Reydon Church in Suffolk was tiled on the side of the roof next to the public road, but on the other side, not easily seen, it retained a disgraceful and contemptible covering of thatch! Between fifty and sixty Norfolk churches still have thatched roofs, and seventeen Suffolk churches. One Suffolk church, at Pakefield, was destroyed by enemy bombs during the war. It is unlikely that there will be ten thatched churches in England outside Norfolk and Suffolk, but many Nonconformist chapels are thatched.)

There has been one little-known reason for the continued use of thatch by persons unwilling to re-roof with galvanized iron or asbestos: the walls and roof timbers of many old buildings are not strong enough to support the weight of slates or tiles. On the other side, operating against thatch, has been the younger generation's preference for mechanical or associated employment: the relative loneliness of a thatcher's working life has helped to make the craft distasteful to potential new recruits. In the future, thatchers are perhaps more likely to work in twos and threes, and better materials and improved technique should enable a few hundred men to maintain more thatched roofs, and so "to help the countryside to be in keeping with itself."

END

Staying The Meal-time Course

(Continued from pages 46)

cream on top of it. Cover with second damson-filled scone and top it in turn with a layer of apple and cream. Place the small scone on top and decorate with blobs of the three colours of cream. A jug of the fruit juice can be served with it. The pyramid itself is easier to serve—once it has been seen and admired!—if half is removed to another plate and carved like a cake.

AMERICAN BREAKFAST BISCUITS

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, heaped teaspoonful baking powder, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. margarine, 1 oz. sugar, salt, 1 egg, 4 oz. milk.

Method: Mix baking powder with flour. Rub in margarine. Add sugar and salt. Mix into light dough with beaten egg and milk. Roll out about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick and divide into tins. Prick with fork. Bake for 20 minutes (Regulo 7).

MOCK CREAM

Ingredients: 1 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar, dried milk, 3 dessertspoonsful boiling water, flavouring or colouring.

Method: Boil water, margarine and sugar together until dissolved. Stir in dried milk gradually until it is of the desired thickness, remembering it will thicken like custard when

cold. Finally add flavouring or colouring.

If dried milk is not obtainable, cream can be made with 1 oz. margarine and 2 oz. icing sugar creamed together. Beat in a little top of milk drop by drop till the whole is the consistency of whipped cream.

CORNEB BEEF DUMPLINGS ON PEAS

Dumplings. Ingredients: 2 oz. lard, 6 oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, water to mix.

MEAT MIXTURE. Ingredients: About $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. corned beef diced very small, 1 carrot grated or cooked and diced. A little chopped chive or parsley, about 1 dessertspoonful tomato or any thick sauce to moisten mixture.

ENOUGH FOR 6 DUMPLINGS. Method: Blend ingredients for meat mixture together in a basin. Make dough and roll out fairly thin. Cut out the size of a saucer. Place a little heap of meat mixture in middle of each. Dampen edges of dough and pull up round meat pressing edges together on top, leaving a small hole for air. Brush over with milk and bake about half an hour in middle of oven (Regulo 7). Serve on bed of peas and garnish with parsley.

Mid-Week Dishes (Continued from page 47)

hot with a border of crushed, cooked macaroni—about 6 oz.

ICED BUNS

Ingredients: 1 lb. flour, 2 teaspoonsful baking powder, 2 oz. margarine, 1 oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and water mixed, 1 egg reconstituted (optional).

Method: Sift flour and baking powder together and rub in the fat. Add sugar and a

pinch of salt. Mix well together. Make a hole in the centre of the flour and pour in the milk and water mixed with the egg (if used). Mix well and form into dough. Break off pieces about 4 inches long and nearly an inch deep and roll in the hand to look like sausages. Place on baking sheet a little way apart. Brush the tops with milk and bake in a good oven (Regulo 6 or 400° F.), for about 20 minutes. When cold ice with water icing.

In Search Of Glamour (Continued from page 43)

lotion or powder foundation, price 7s. 6d. and 12s. 6d. The Slippery Elm Balm is unscented and recommended for skins which are inclined to pimples and also for use after shaving. This costs 5s. 6d. and 10s. 5d. The Marigold astringent lotion is 5s. 5d. and 10s. There is a powder foundation cream called Rose Mallow in white and pale pink, price, 6s. 3d. and 10s. 10d.; and a Rose Mallow night cream at the same price. The Marigold cleansing cream, which is very oily and good

for the dry skin, costs 10s. 10d. The lemon cleansing cream is 8s. 4d. and much lighter; and the Rose Mallow cleansing cream is lighter still and the same price. They also sell a green herb ointment at 2s. 6d. which is recommended for sunburn and stings.

You used to be able to get the most delicious bath preparations which are not yet on the market, but it is hoped that they will soon be back again.

END

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How They Solved Their Housing Problems

(Continued from page 16)

wing, and now lets this off as a separate small house. As C and his wife are lovers of privacy, they have contrived a fenced-off part of the garden surrounding this dwelling, and even a separate drive to the main gateway, so that they can "keep themselves to themselves." But there are occasional leakages, nevertheless: The strains of radio, the rattle of pots and pans from the newly made kitchen, whose window unfortunately faces the main body of the house, the irruption of the tenant's dog into the courtyard, the tenant's wife wilfully taking a short cut across the lawn. . . .

The D's, newly married, had agreed to share a much-too-large flat with the Es, also newly married. Full of enthusiasm over their plans, which sounded practical and delightful in theory, they found, after a period of actual experience, that a shared flat, however spacious, is nevertheless *shared*. The D's, as owners, kept the largest sitting-room, bedroom, and bathroom for themselves; the E's, paying only a modest rent, amiably agreed to have the same accommodation on a smaller scale. The D's retained the kitchen, while a cloakroom was altered into a kitchenette (really too small for comfort) for the E's. Although each unit was ostensibly self-contained, the sharing of hall, passage, and front door forced a communal note; the E's also found that they were short of cupboard and storage space, a factor that had not entered into their calculations before they moved in. This arrangement is not likely to last any longer than is necessary, calling, as it does, for the constant exercise of tact and unselfishness . . . not normal qualities in the very young.

F, an architect in Dorset, the possessor of a picturesque old mill-house and a dwindling income, had the advantage of his own specialized knowledge to fall back upon. The mill consisted of two quite separate buildings: The miller's residence and the mill-house proper. F efficiently converted them into adequately self-contained properties, each with its own garden and its own stretch of water: he lives in the larger and more desirable of the two, and has sold the other to a very carefully selected purchaser—at a handsome profit.

Looking round a poultry farm recently, whose owner was selling off stock, the writer noticed a large wooden and creosoted hen-house, nearly the size of a railway carriage. "That," said the poultry-keeper, in a matter of fact voice, "has been bought by a lady who is obliged to leave her home here; her tenancy is up and she has nowhere to go."

"? ? ?"

"Oh, it's not for her chickens; she is going to live in it herself."

There is nothing more to be said.

END

The Fugitive Of Frog River

(Continued from page 28)

from Bruton a slender-bladed throwing knife concealed in the lower part of a trouser-leg.

"You may face me again now," he said, stepping back. To Bruton he said: "Where is your revolver?"

"You'll find it in the top drawer of that chest," Bruton sounded sulky.

Itagaki discovered it, and treated it as he had treated the one belonging to Steven Munro. Then he gave swift orders to his men and hurried from the room.

Impassively the two guards stood with rifles ready for instant use.

Waiting became an interminable agony, so that each one of them experienced a vague feeling of relief when Itagaki returned. He was not alone. A third soldier, indistinguishable from the other two, came with him.

"There were (Continued on page 68)

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servants then?" the colonel demanded. "A Chinese boy," said Bruton.

"Where is he?" "How should I know? He probably became frightened and ran into cover."

"If he's wise, he'll stay there," said the colonel. His manner changed suddenly. "You may sit down," he announced. "You can see for yourselves the futility of trying to cause trouble. You will also understand that as prisoners you present me with a problem. The simple solution would be to dispose of you. . . ."

Bruton interrupted. "Making a guess," he said, "you're heading for the border. Once inside Thailand you will no doubt find a refuge. There are several individuals there still friendly with your country. But"—he paused and added with significant slowness—"you have not yet reached the border."

Itagaki's eyes became thin, oily streaks. "Explain, please," he said.

"As you seem to be preparing to spend the night here, I gather that you consider yourself safe from pursuit. Mr. Munro and his wife are on the way down to the coast. If they do not arrive there will be a search. A brutal murder will attract considerable attention. The chase will be resumed—with increased forces."

"Such things take time," said Itagaki.

"Not with a gunboat at the river mouth," said Bruton. He leaned back in his chair with the obvious satisfaction of a man who feels that he has proved his point.

"But if I spare you, you can still lodge the information which will lead to pursuit," Itagaki observed.

"I doubt if the Navy would consider the recapture of escaped prisoners of war to be within their province," said Bruton. "But the murder of white people—especially of an Englishwoman—would be viewed in a different light."

Colonel Itagaki nodded. "I agree with you," he said. "I spent a few years in England—before the war. I have some understanding of the English mind. So—we will come to terms. . . ."

"With you holding all the cards," Bruton murmured.

"I am glad that you realize that. I will give my instructions. You will obey. You need have no personal fears provided that you do not cause trouble. I need food and rest. So do my men. I see that there is a small store-room. That shall be your prison—for to-night only. In the morning I shall leave. As a precaution the launch must be sunk. You will be rescued eventually. That will give me sufficient start. I regret that it will be necessary to secure you with ropes. There will be an armed sentry, who will look in on you from time to time. I warn you that if there is any attempt to escape the sentry will be ruthless."

"We'll behave ourselves," said Bruton.

Itagaki gave an artificial smile. "I am glad that we understand one another so well," he said. He turned and gave some swift instructions to his men. Then he looked down at his captives once more. "You will now be taken to your prison," he announced.

They stood up. As Bruton seemed to hang back, Munro led the way to the door, followed by his wife. Two of the soldiers moved towards them. Because of this, Munro did not see Bruton make a significant gesture, or the colonel hesitate and then give a nod of approval. In fact, so preoccupied was he with thoughts concerning his wife's safety that it was not until they were secured to chairs and the guard had taken up his position outside the half-open door, that he missed Bruton.

His immediate reaction was to struggle with the ropes which bound him.

"Don't!" Leila cried softly.

A brutally alert yellow head peeped into the room. Munro froze into an attitude of dejection and the head was withdrawn.

"It isn't worth the risk," Leila cautioned.

"I know. I suppose I lost my head for

the moment." With an effort he became calm, almost casual. "Evidently Bruton has no intention of joining us," he said. He added, bitterly: "I expect he's doing a deal. But it won't be on our behalf."

AS soon as he was alone with Colonel Itagaki, who watched him warily—revolver in hand, Bruton's attitude changed.

"Now," he said, "we can talk."

"You will explain, please."

"Certainly. You must understand that my slightly hostile manner was very necessary. Munro is a Government man, a District Officer."

"And how does that affect the situation?" Bruton grinned. "Ever heard of *chandu*?" he asked.

Itagaki appeared to shed a little of his arrogance. "Prepared opium," he said thoughtfully.

"I trade it for profit," said Bruton. "You can guess that the District Officer was not invited. He found me here. It was bad luck that he recognized me."

"Go on, please," said the colonel.

"Just this," said Bruton, leaning forward. "If you're an ally—and not an enemy—you've helped me. We've something in common. There's a prison cell waiting for me, too."

Itagaki seemed to recoil.

Bruton laughed. "I know the jungle," he said. "No ordinary prisoner would escape that way. A war criminal might."

"Silence!" Itagaki hissed.

Bruton shrugged his shoulders. "That's your business—not mine. What are your plans?"

Itagaki's body seemed to stiffen. With an effort he regained his old poise. "I must remind you that *you* wished to speak to me," he said.

"Very well—if that suits you better. But don't forget that I can help you. I'm one of the few white men who knows the jungle. I can get you to the frontier in half the time."

"Or betray me in return for a pardon," said the colonel.

Bruton gave a slow smile. "That's up to you," he said. "How am I to know that you won't put a bullet through my head as soon as we're over the border?"

"I give you my word that you shall go free," said Itagaki stiffly.

"Your word's probably worth as much as mine," said Bruton. "But I'll take a chance."

"We will both," said Itagaki gravely, "take a chance."

"You can check on my story to a degree. Munro won't deny that he's a District Officer."

"I prefer not to ask him. It may be possible to obtain confirmation from the launch. I will inspect it and return." He called one of his men into the room, and gave brisk instruction. Bruton once more found himself covered by a rifle. He seemed in no way concerned. In fact, he finished his drink and had another.

Itagaki returned as he set down his empty glass. There was a change in his attitude which showed that he had satisfied himself that Bruton was speaking the truth. He gave the guard permission to stand at ease, and lowered himself into a chair, stretching his spindly legs.

"Can you find your Chinese servant in the morning?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bruton.

"Then he shall accompany us. You will find him useful—and there will be nobody left to tell tales."

"What of the Munros—and the Malay you killed?"

"The bodies shall be sunk in the river and the launch overturned. There will not be suspicion immediately—and by the time that they investigate further we should be in Thailand."

Bruton stretched his arms. "That's settled, then. Let's drink to our alliance."

"Then I will pour the drinks," said Itagaki quietly, reaching for the bottle.

"Not that one," said Bruton. "It's poor stuff. I didn't waste my best whisky on a

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District Officer. This one over here is better." He crossed to a cupboard and produced a new bottle. The colonel watched every movement, his eyes dark pools of suspicion. He took the bottle and looked at it closely. "You have fresh glasses?" he asked.

"If you wish." Bruton produced them.

Itagaki poured the drinks.

"Perhaps the guard would like one," Bruton suggested. Itagaki hesitated, then shrugged his shoulders. "If you wish it," he said. "But you drink first, my friend."

Bruton gave a slow smile. "You're a suspicious devil," he said. "As you wish. I'll drink first."

The three glasses were filled, and Bruton raised his to his lips. Itagaki watched him closely and satisfied himself that Bruton actually swallowed. Then he drank. So did the guard.

"And how did it come about that you offered a drink to the District Officer?" Itagaki asked.

"I was trying to do a deal with him," said Bruton. "He wanted shelter for the night. And I wanted a chance to escape. The obvious thing to do was to come to terms."

"You succeeded?"

Bruton shook his head. "Munro has a strong sense of duty," he explained.

Itagaki seemed satisfied. "Tell me about the route," he ordered. "How many miles is it to the frontier?"

Bruton began to talk. He went into a detailed explanation. The colonel seemed to become tired. A frown of concentration appeared and he obviously had difficulty in keeping his eyes open.

"We shall have to leave it until morning," he said drowsily. "I feel very tired. Going through the jungle. No rest. Day and night without sleep." A shudder went through him. His eyes opened wide in dark alarm. He tried to jump up; but fell back into his chair. His hand dropped to his revolver; but a spasm twisted his spine. Behind him was a heavy thud as the guard dropped to the floor, writhed and was still.

Bruton darted from his chair and snatched the weapon. Itagaki attempted to struggle, slid over and dropped to the floor. Outside, there were quick steps. Bruton fired as the second soldier burst into the room. It was impossible to miss at such short range. The man dropped his rifle with a clatter, clutched his hands to his side, and pitched forward. Bruton staggered to the door. A bullet spanged past his head and the narrow passage seemed to vibrate with the report. Before the guard outside the small store-room could fire again, Bruton's finger was pressing on the trigger. The man crumpled up as if his legs were suddenly paralysed. His body twitched.

Bruton dived for the knife which the man carried. He reeled into the store-room like a drunken man. As he slashed at Steven Munro's bonds he talked. Quickly, urgently.

"Killed 'em all. Always hated the Japs. Don't touch the whisky—poisoned. Knew it would act first on them—empty stomachs. No hope for me. Take a bit longer." The knife fell from his fingers and he reeled against the wall. He slid down, Munro just grabbing him in time to ease him. "Kept that bottle in reserve." Bruton quivered and then made a supreme effort. "Kept it in case the yellow devils caught me." His voice weakened, trailed away. Munro had to stoop over him to hear the last words. "Had a wife once—wouldn't have . . . drugs . . . but she died." He clung to Munro with clammy hands. "Nothing left . . . went wrong." His spine seemed to be changed into a wriggling snake. Then his last words came clear. "Always wondered about a reunion somewhere else. Wanted to clean the slate before I went to it."

"It's clean," said Munro quietly.

Bruton smiled. Then his eyes turned to glass and his head flopped back.

END

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